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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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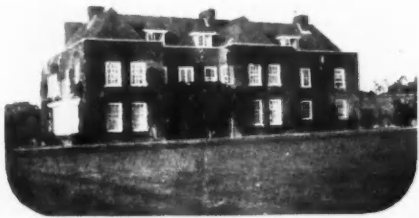
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Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.

Entrance Lodge. Garage. Cottage, etc. Singularly attractive GARDENS, with fine trees and shrubberies, orchard, grassland, etc.



26 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

(Reasonable offer would be considered)

OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (H.42,492.) (REGent 8222.)

Glorious position with wonderful views.

SUSSEX, WADHURST

FOR SALE FREEHOLD



The GROUNDS are finely timbered and include hard and grass courts, flower gardens and paddock; in all over

12½ ACRES

Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (C.31,898.) (REGent 8222.)

Between HAYWARDS HEATH AND LEWES

In choice situation within 40 minutes of London.



THIS PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE

Hall (about 29ft. by 16ft.), 4 reception rooms (all with Southern outlook), 7 or 10 bedrooms, 3 baths.

Central heating. Electric light.

GOOD STABLING.

DOUBLE GARAGE. LODGE AND COTTAGE.

LOVELY GROUNDS inexpensive of upkeep: shady lawns, woodlands, walled kitchen garden, the whole extending to about

22½ ACRES

Inspected and recommended. Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (C.31,941.) (Tel.: REGent 8222.)

WILTSHIRE

6 miles of the F.W.H. Kennels and within easy reach of the Duke's Country. 2½ miles from station. 380ft. up.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY OF ABOUT 117 ACRES

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

STABLING.

GARAGE.

Charming GARDENS with tennis lawn.



EXCELLENT FARMBUILDINGS. 6 COTTAGES. RICH PASTURELANDS.

PRICE ONLY £7,000 FREEHOLD

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (H.27,969.) (REGent 8222.)

EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE OR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN

Within easy reach of golf.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Delightful, well-built RESIDENCE in first-class order throughout.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, dance room (29ft. 8in. by 28ft.), principal suite and 7 other bedrooms (mostly with basins), 3 bathrooms, etc.

Co.'s services.

Central heating throughout.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS, ETC.

GROUND'S EXTEND TO ABOUT ONE ACRE

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (K.15,086.) (Tel.: REGent 8222.)

WITH ACCESS DIRECTLY ON TO

OXSHOTT HEATH

Quiet position in the best part of this lovely district. ½ mile from the station.

THIS WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

containing:

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Parquet floors. Tastefully decorated. Main electric light and water.

GARAGE.

GROUNDS of considerable charm, tennis court, etc.; about 1½ ACRES.



PRICE REDUCED TO £2,800

(Owner purchased another house.)

Recommended by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (S.33,223.) (REGent 8222.)

BUCKS—CHALFONT ST. GILES

High position. Few minutes Harewood Downs Golf Course.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE, with accommodation on 2 floors.

Lounge hall and 2 reception rooms (all oak floors), loggia, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and usual offices.

Main electric light, water, etc.

2 GARAGES and OUTBUILDINGS.



GROUND'S NEARLY 1¾ ACRES

with tennis lawn. Extra land available.

Further details from HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (B.45036.) (REGent 8222.)

Estate Offices: 6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON (Phone: WIM. 0081).

Telephone No.:
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET
PICCADILLY, W.1.

SOMERSET BDRS.

Within easy reach of Taunton and Exeter. High up, in picturesque rural scenery, with fine views.



Beautiful Specimen of Queen Anne Architecture

Large hall. 4 reception rooms. A dozen bedrooms. 3 bathrooms.

Electric Light. Central Heating.

Stabling, cottages, etc.

Matured Gardens and Parklands of 45 Acres

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (15,781.)

HANTS

in an entirely secluded situation convenient for a main line station.

SURROUNDED BY WOODLANDS.

On gravel soil. Southerly aspect. Carriage drive approach.



Up-to-date with Electricity, Central Heating, Parquet Floors, fitted lav. basins in bedrooms. Tiled offices, etc.

4 reception. 10 bedrooms. 3 bathrooms.

STABLING. 2 COTTAGES. 30 ACRES.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,132.)

80 MINUTES FROM LONDON

Newly in the market for sale, a very attractive Agricultural, Residential, and Sporting Estate of nearly

3,000 ACRES

HANDSOME GEORGIAN RESIDENCE of moderate size, standing in a Park with large lake.

Numerous farms, holdings and cottages, producing an excellent Rent Roll.

First-rate Shooting with ample Woodland, and some capital Partridge ground.

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER, as above.

Just available

BETWEEN OXFORD AND BANBURY

In greatly sought-after district, where Country Houses are seldom available. Capital hunting centre.



Charming Old House of William and Mary Period

fitted with every modern comfort and convenience one could desire; main electricity, central heating, fitted lavatory basins in bedrooms, etc.; 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Stabling. Garages. SQUASH COURT. HARD TENNIS COURT.

In a Peaceful Old-World Setting

formed by the well-timbered, matured grounds of 7 Acres. Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (c.632.)

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST

Amidst unspoilt rural scenery.

XIVth CENTURY CHARACTER HOUSE

of real merit, pleasantly mellowed by time, whilst entirely up-to-date; main electricity, central heating, etc.; 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; 2 cottages.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO A GARDEN LOVER

In harmony with the character of the House. Woodland dells, with stream, cascades, etc.

MODERATE PRICE WITH 21 ACRES or to Let Furnished.

Sole Agents, as above. (17,143.)



29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.
Central 9344 (6 lines).

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO. LONDON

AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS

26, Dover Street, W.1
Regent 5681 (2 lines).



SECLUDED ON A SURREY COMMON

Views over a Large Estate.

4 1/2 MILES FROM GUILDFORD AND WOKING. 1 MILE FROM WOPLES DON GOLF CLUB.

2 Reception. 4 Bed Rooms. Bath Room.

Also COMFORTABLE BRICK-BUILT BUNGALOW of

5 Rooms. Bath Room. Co.'s Water and Electricity.

Garage for 2 Cars.

4 ACRES

GROUNDS BOUNDED BY A STREAM.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Details from the Sole Agents, FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., as above.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SUSSEX

Within daily reach of Town.



AN ATTRACTIVE HALF-TIMBERED COTTAGE

IN UNSPOILT SURROUNDINGS.

Lounge, dining room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Central heating. Main water. Modern sanitation. Electric light.

Garage and Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PASTURE. 6 1/2 ACRES. PRICE £3,200

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

NORFOLK



RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 330 ACRES

Including QUEEN ANNE STYLE RESIDENCE. Enjoying fine views. Hall, billiards room and 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Every modern comfort and main electric light and power.

5 Cottages. Garages. Stabling. Farm (let). CHARMING GROUNDS WITH LAKE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A "TIMES" PRICE
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

Magnificent position near Petersfield and Midhurst.



PERFECT ORIGINAL STONE TUDOR HOUSE

Lounge, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Every convenience and comfort.

LOVELY GARDEN. 20 ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £5,750

Sole Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

23½ MILES SOUTH OF LONDON

Protected by Delightful Woodland.



THIS BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE. Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 11 bed (fitted basins), 4 bathrooms; every modern comfort. Garages, Flat, 2 Cottages, Lodge, etc. Exceptionally beautiful Grounds. Hard and grass tennis courts, kitchen garden, orchard, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 36 ACRES

Highly recommended by Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A. 2753.)

CORNISH RIVIERA

In a lovely position near St. Maues.

TO BE SOLD.

A PERFECT YACHTSMAN'S HOME

with Character House of 6 beds, 3 baths, etc. Modern conveniences.

GARAGE. BUNGALOW.

30 ACRES

PRIVATE JETTY AND SLIPWAY with deep anchorage.

All further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.7178.)

HALF A MILE TROUT FISHING

in well-known West Country River.

FOR SALE

A Modernised Stone-built FARMHOUSE

having

10 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 reception rooms.

Central heating. Main electric light.

STABLING. GARAGE.

FARMERY WITH HOMESTEAD.

74 ACRES

Unexpectedly in the market and strongly recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C. 7138.)

CHILTERN HILLS

Well-known County Seat. One hour of London.



BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE. In grounds sloping to lake. 14 bed, 2 dressing, 4 bath, nurser suite, 4 attic bedrooms, lounge hall, 4 handsome reception and fine billiard room. All main services; central heating. Stabling, Garage, 2 Lodges. Charming Gardens, tennis court, kitchen gardens. 30 Acres.

TO BE LET FURNISHED. Including 1 rod Trout Fishing.

Recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C. 6571.)

Telegrams:

TURLORAN, Audley,
London.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone:

Gros. 2838
(3 lines.)

TUDOR SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE



VIEWS TO THE DISTANT DOWNS. 30 ACRES. 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms (one 30ft. by 17ft.), open fireplaces, kitchen and offices. Electricity, modern sanitation, etc.; stone mullioned windows. Garage; Stable; Lodge. LOVELY GARDEN and Meadowland. FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.1.

JUST IN MARKET.

IN THE LOVELY COUNTRY

AROUND CHIDDINGFOLD, BETWEEN GODALMING AND PETWORTH

Ideal for Hacking and Walking.

£4,000 FREEHOLD

WITH ABOUT 4 ACRES

(or with FARM and 130 ACRES, let off).

Away from traffic and noise. Extensive views.

Galleried hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, pleasant domestic offices, servants' hall.

STABLES AND GARAGE.

Central heating throughout.

Main electricity and water.

Pretty and inexpensive Gardens, 4 Acres.

Cottages can be had.

Or with FARMERY and 130 Acres, £8,250.

Sole Agents: TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.1.



'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.

'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

£2,500 FREEHOLD RARE OPPORTUNITY

S. DEVON Adjoining Bolt Tail and protected by National Trust Land, 150ft. up, overlooking sea; mile Golf.

WELL-BUILT HOUSE

with light and airy rooms, 2 reception, bathroom, 6 bedrooms.

Fitted basins in 4 bedrooms. Electric light, main drainage.

Telephone.

Charming Garden.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

SUSSEX 3½ miles LEWES and Coast.

In picturesque small Village, 1 mile from rail.

A CHARMING OLD FLINT-BUILT RESIDENCE

3 reception (one 35ft. long), bathroom, 6-8 bedrooms.

Main electric light and water. Telephone.

2 Garages. Room over.

Inexpensive Gardens, Orchard, etc.

£3,300 FREEHOLD or

Would Let Unfurnished or partly Furnished.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,213.)



BARGAIN FOR MODERNISATION

WALES Mile from small Market Town and Station. Not isolated.

THIS ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms (2 suitable for bathrooms), recreation room, attics. PRETTY GARDEN of an

Acre bounded by TROUT STREAM with 2 POOLS.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,967.)

£2,000 FREEHOLD Would sell with Furniture

CORNISH COAST 500ft. above sea level.

Half mile Sea. Mile Station. 4 miles R.C.C. Golf. Hunting.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 7 bedrooms (6 fitted h. and c.). Superior domestic offices. Main electricity and water.

GARAGE. PRETTY GARDENS.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,105.)

£3,750 OPEN TO OFFER

SURREY HILLS Fast electric train service.

750ft. up with unsurpassed panoramic views.

WELL-BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE

on Southern slope.

Hall, 4 reception, sun room, 3 bathrooms, 7-10 bedrooms.

Main electricity and water. Central heating. "Aga" cooker.

GARAGE FOR 4. STABLING.

CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE.

Inexpensive Grounds, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, wilderness garden and delightful woodland, masses of bulbs.

8 ACRES

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (1,852.)

LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

URGENTLY SOUGHT TO PURCHASE

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND

NOT LESS THAN 1,000 ACRES, PREFERABLY NEARER 3,000.

The Mansion should contain not less than 18 bedrooms (or be capable of addition). Water either in the nature of a stream or lake an attraction. A figure not exceeding

£100,000

will be paid for a suitable property.

Will any Owner, Solicitor or Agent please forward details and plan to Messrs. GRIBBLE, BOOTH & SHEPHERD, Estate Agents, Basingstoke (and Yeovil), who will respect such confidence. NO COMMISSION REQUIRED.

SHOOTINGS, FISHINGS, &c.

SALMON FISHING

BEATS AVAILABLE AT THE WORLD

FAMOUS SALMON WATERS AT CASTLE-

CONNELL, COUNTY LIMERICK, IRE.

FOR APRIL, MAY AND JUNE.

CHARGES 10 GUINEAS PER WEEK

WITH THE SERVICES OF 2 GHILLIES

AND BOAT.

Hotels convenient.

For full particulars apply—

SHANNON FISHERIES,

84, O'CONNELL STREET, LIMERICK.

TIMBER WANTED.—Scotch Fir, Larch, Beech, Oak and Ash. Large and small parcels urgently required in any county. Please send details in first instance to B. M. LOWE, F.I.A.S., Estate Offices, Heathfield, Sussex.

WANTED TO BUY. 50-500 ACRES of well-grown woodlands.—Write "Box P.1,800," SCRIPPS'S, South Molton Street, W.1.

ITCHEN FISHING.—About 2½ miles best part of stream. To LET at moderate rental.—Apply Sole Agents JAMES HARRIS & SONS, Jewry Chambers, Winchester.

5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines.)
ESTABLISHED 1875.

WEST SUSSEX
BETWEEN MIDHURST AND PETERSFIELD

An exceptional opportunity of securing
a Property in the most favoured part
of Sussex.

10 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.
4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

MODERN DOMESTIC OFFICES
with servants' hall.

Co.'s Electric Light and
water.

Modern Drainage.
Central Heating.



GARAGE FOR 3 CARS,
with Flat over.
STABLING FOR 3 HORSES.
EXCELLENT COTTAGE.
*Attractive yet inexpensive
Gardens.*
Fine old trees and tennis lawn. Orchard
and good Paddocks.

In all
ABOUT 10 ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD
at a recently reduced price.
Or the House would be Let
Unfurnished.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street,
W.1. (16,489.)

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (25 miles North-west of
London).—Attractive **GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**;
completely modernised. 4 reception rooms, billiards
room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Co.'s
electric light and water; central heating. Garages;
stabling; and 2 Cottages. The Pleasure Gardens and
lawn slope South from the house to the River Chess,
which provides good trout-fishing. Hard tennis court,
meadowland and kitchen garden; in all about 30
acres. For Sale Freehold or to Let Furnished.
(10,129.)

DORKING DISTRICT, on a Southern slope of
Holmbury Hill, within easy reach of London.—
Very **ATTRACTIVE HOUSE**, containing 6 bed-
rooms, dressing room, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception
rooms. Central heating; electric light and power.
Co.'s water; modern drainage. Chauffeur's flat;
2 garages. Lovely terraced gardens, with direct access
to Holmbury Hill, extending to about 1½ Acres. To be
LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, or Freehold would be
Sold.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,185A.)

SOMERSET (Yeovil 7 miles).—Attractive **STONE-
BUILT HOUSE** with old mullion windows, standing
in finely timbered grounds. 3-4 reception rooms,
11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices. Electric
light; main water. Garage and stabling. Gardener's
cottage. Charming Gardens and Grounds, interspersed
with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and
pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES. Hunting and
Golf. For Sale Freehold at a Reduced Price.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL AND PERFECT COUNTRY RETREAT

A CHARMING RESIDENCE

Originally the home of the late Mr. AVRAY TIPPING, occupying unique setting,
700ft. up with magnificent views towards

MONMOUTH-HEREFORD BORDERS AND BLACK MOUNTAINS



6 BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS. 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
Garage. Stabling. Central heating. Electric light.
STONE-BUILT LODGE AND FIRST-CLASS COTTAGE

EXQUISITE LANDSCAPE GARDEN FORMING PERFECT NATURAL SETTING

Intersected by small stream and maintained at low cost.

PASTURELAND AND WOODLAND.

39 ACRES. MOST REASONABLE PRICE FREEHOLD

Details of Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.
(Tel.: Gros. 1032.)

LEITH HILL, GUILDFORD DISTRICT

Adjacent to Thousands of Acres of Beautiful Commonlands.

Frequent Electric Train Services to London. On 'bus route.

ENCHANTING XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE

Recently restored and modernised regardless of expense.



8 BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS. 4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
Main electric light and water. Central heating.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS with masses of flowering shrubs. Lily pool,
Lawns, orchard, paddock, etc.

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

**N.B.—The whole Estate of approximately 150 ACRES, including
Grade "A" Dairy Farm, 2 Houses and 3 Cottages, producing
a substantial income.**

MIGHT BE SOLD.

Details of Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.
(Tel.: Gros. 1032.)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE (6 Miles from Bristol)

VERY CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE

Close to picturesque village on high
ground, enjoying beautiful views.

Carriage drive approach.

Edge entrance. Cottage.

LOVELY GARDENS.

Panelled lounge hall, 3 reception
rooms (h. and c.), excellent kitchen
offices, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,
dressing room (h. and c.), day and
night nurseries.

AS-PROOF A.R.P. SHELTER.

Best repair. Central heating.

Co.'s electricity and water.

Out-cas tennis court, terrace walk,
extensive lawns, walled kitchen garden,
modern farmery, orchard, pasture



IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES.

TO BE LET OR SOLD

Sole Agents: **WILLIAM COWLIN & SON, LTD.**, Estate Offices, CLIFTON, BRISTOL, 8. (Tel.: 33044.)

FOR SALE.—Charming **BUNGALOW** and **GROUND**,
28 Acres. West Country, midst hunting district; near
sea. All conveniences. Possession.—A. and B. SQUIBBES,
Bridgwater.

HEREFORDSHIRE (within 6 miles of the City of
Hereford).—To LET on lease with early possession.
Delightfully placed small **COUNTRY MANSION** containing
3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, usual domestic
offices; company's electric light; gravitation water supply.
Salmon fishing in the River Wye; shooting over estate of
650 acres. For further particulars apply to **APPERLEY AND
BROWN**, Land Agents, Bank Chambers, Hereford.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

CUMBERLAND

(4 miles inland from Silloth, standing in over an acre or
more of orchard and garden.)

A WELL-BUILT, NICE-LOOKING HOUSE,
whose accommodation comprises 3 reception, 6 bed-
rooms, 1 dressing room, 1 bathroom, conservatory and
usual offices, would be Let Furnished for 5 gns. per week,
owing to the owner having had to rejoin his regiment.
For further particulars apply: **C. G. A., LTD.**, Carlton
House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS

ON THE BERKSHIRE BORDER

Between Basingstoke and Reading.



A GENUINE TUDOR HOUSE

Rich in old oak with very fine staircase and fireplaces. All main services. Central heating. 6-7 beds, 2 baths. 3 charming reception rooms.

GARAGE AND CHAUFFEUR'S ROOMS.

£4,600 WITH 3 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

ON WEST SUSSEX COAST

Superbly Appointed Modern House.



TO BE LET FURNISHED AT A MOST MODERATE RENT

The reception rooms include fine lounge (37ft. by 18ft.) opening to wide loggia, 5 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. (3 additional bedrooms and bathroom over garage). All main services.

LONG FRONTAGE TO SHORE

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

VALLEY OF THE USK

8 miles from Abergavenny.



ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT HOUSE

700ft. up with magnificent south views.

In perfect order. Every modern convenience. Main electric light and power. Central heating. 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 3 charming reception rooms. Garage, Flat, Stabling, Cottage. Inexpensive Gardens and Farmery.

£5,750 WITH 25 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street W.1.

5, GRAFTON ST.,
MAYFAIR, W.1
(REGENT 4685)

MAPLE & CO., LTD.

TOTTENHAM
COURT RD., W.1
(EUSTON 7000)

TWO HAMPSHIRE PROPERTIES

WINCHESTER (near)



THE ABOVE DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

approached by fine drive and situate in beautifully timbered grounds and meadowland of 16 acres. Lounge hall, sun loggia, panelled drawing room, dining room, study, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Company's gas and water.

Entrance Lodge, Cottage, etc.

VERY LOW PRICE

Further particulars of the above of the Agents: MAPLE & Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, W.1; and 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair.

On the Beautiful BEAULIEU ESTATE



In the New Forest close to Bucklers Hard and a few miles from Brockenhurst.

A REALLY DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

in perfect order on high ground with extensive views.

4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

2 GARAGES. COTTAGE.

10 ACRES

including lovely old gardens, hard tennis court and paddock

By Order of the Executors of
The Hon. Everard Charles Digby, deceased.

DORSET

FOR SALE AS A WHOLE OR WOULD BE DIVIDED.



BUCKSHAW HOUSE ESTATE, HOLWELL, Nr. SHERBORNE

4 reception rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, day and night nurseries, staff bedrooms, housekeeper's room, servants' hall, good domestic offices and cellars.

Central heating, electric light, modern drainage, abundant water.

STABLING. GARAGES. COTTAGES.

MODEL FARMERY.

CHARMING GROUNDS

and Park-like Land with ancient timber, 2 Dairy Farms; in all

213 ACRES

Full particulars from the Sole Agents,
R. B. TAYLOR & SONS, Estate Agents, Sherborne, Dorset, and Yeovil, Somerset.

FOR SALE. SOUTH-WEST DORSET

5 miles Bridport. 2 miles Beaminster.



SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY of 5 ACRES, comprising old Rectory, recently modernised throughout. Central heating; main electric light and power; containing 3 reception rooms and hall, excellent kitchen and usual offices, 4 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 secondary bedrooms, large attic and boxroom. Hunter Stabling (for 2), harness room; Garage; and Outbuildings. 2 acres Garden. 1 paddock of 3 Acres. PRICE £4,000. Also excellent 5-roomed Cottage, restored 1939, to be sold with property or separately, £500.—"A.583." c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

FOR SALE.—FREEHOLD DETACHED MODERNIZED FARM-TYPE RESIDENCE with 95 Acres land. Buxton district. Altitude about 1,400 ft. Also Farm Buildings and Small Two-room Week-end Bungalow with garage. Residence contains 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen. Own water supply and electric lighting plant. Arable and grazing off-let to September, 1940. Fine views and safe area.—Particulars: OAKES, Estate Agent, Whaley Bridge. (Phone 225.)

DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.
Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

BRUTON, KNOWLES & CO.,

ESTATE AGENTS,
SURVEYORS AND AUCTIONEERS,
ALBION CHAMBERS, KING STREET,
Telegrams: "Brutons, Gloucester." GLOUCESTER.
Telephone No.: 2267 (2 lines).

GLOS.—ON THE COTSWOLDS FOR SALE.

CHARMING RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

of about 95 ACRES in secluded, safe area.

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

(4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath).

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS

including lake of about 2½ acres, fed by stream with waterfall.

STABLING. GARAGE. HOME FARM.

SMALL RESIDENCE.

8 Cottages and Woodlands.

IF DESIRED, THE RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Estate Agents, Gloucester.

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ESTATE WANTED TO PURCHASE in the Southern Counties. Area of about 2,000 Acres. A large House for occupation. Full market value will be paid and an immediate decision made.—Owners or their Solicitors please address particulars to "A.588." c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

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Business Established over 100 years.

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STEEP, Near PETERSFIELD

SIMPLE MODERN HOUSE

(by leading architect)

ON THE MATURED WELL-TIMBERED SITE OF A FORMER HOUSE.

400ft. up on a southern slope and light soil, with extensive views to Sussex Downs.

Long drive with lodge. Entrance and staircase halls. Large living room (about 30ft. by 20ft.), library or sitting room, 8 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms.

Main electricity and water. Central heating throughout.

GARAGE (4 cars).

CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT, etc.



MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, with stone terracing and a great variety of trees and shrubs.

Walled garden and 2 parklike fields.

ABOUT

27 ACRES

IN FIRST-RATE ORDER, READY TO WALK INTO.

A REALLY PERFECT SMALL PROPERTY.

MINIMUM UPKEEP. LOW OUTGOINGS.

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HISTORIC SITE. OLD ROMAN ENCAMPMENT!

5 MILES NORTH OF ST. ALBANS

in beautiful unspoiled country close to a large village.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

of about

40 ACRES

in a secluded well-timbered setting, facing South. Also suitable for school, institution, etc.

HALL,

3 FINE RECEPTION ROOMS (one 28ft. by 21ft.)

AND STUDY,

8-9 BEDROOMS,

3 BATHROOMS,

STAFF SITTING ROOM, etc.



Electric light (own plant but main available).

Central heating.

Water from estate supply.

EXTENSIVE GARAGE ACCOMMODATION AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 40 ACRES

ADDITIONAL LAND ADJOINING up to 130 ACRES AVAILABLE.

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BETWEEN CROWBOROUGH AND LEWES. 1 MILE FROM A STATION, 8 FROM LEWES, 11 FROM HAYWARDS HEATH.

South and East aspects, commanding magnificent views.

This BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

in splendid order, standing in a miniature park; in all about

75 ACRES

12 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,

5 BATHROOMS,

5 STAFF BEDROOMS,

5 RECEPTION ROOMS.



LODGE AND COTTAGE. HOME FARM.

Main electric light, gas and water. Central heating.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS.

CROQUET AND 2 TENNIS COURTS.

If desired, 2 extra MODERN COTTAGES with about 9 ACRES can be purchased.

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On the borders of Dorset, about 3 miles from Axminster, 8 miles from the sea at Lyme Regis, and within easy reach of Exeter.

THE COMPACT FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE,

OXENWAYS, MEMBURY, Nr. AXMINSTER

comprising:
A VERY ATTRACTIVE
MEDIUM-SIZED RESIDENCE

containing:
8 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
GOOD OFFICES.

**WELL-MAINTAINED GROUNDS
OF ABOUT 8 ACRES**



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DORSET

Situated on high ground close to a popular 18-hole Golf Course, 6 miles from Bournemouth and within easy reach of the New Forest.

FOR SALE

This Very Attractive
MODERN RESIDENCE
fitted with all modern conveniences and in perfect condition throughout.

3 BEDROOMS,
FITTED BATHROOM,
LOUNGE (19ft. 6in. by 12ft. 6 in.),
DINING ROOM
(with serving hatch to kitchen).



SUN LOUNGE.

CLOAK ROOM.

ENTRANCE HALL.

Kitchenette with "Independent" boiler

Companies' gas, water and electric light.

Central heating.

GARAGE.

The GARDEN is well laid-out with lawns, flower and herbaceous beds and borders, kitchen and rose gardens. The whole extends to an area of approximately

**ONE-QUARTER-OF-AN-ACRE
PRICE £1,500 FREEHOLD**

For particulars and order-to-view apply
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IN AN UNSPOILED HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

BETWEEN FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD

Occupying a delightful secluded position away from main road traffic.

TO BE SOLD

THIS PICTURESQUE
**XVIIth CENTURY
SMALL THATCHED
COUNTRY RESIDENCE**

recently the subject of considerable expense by the present owner, and now in perfect condition throughout and possessing all modern conveniences.

The accommodation comprises:

4 BEDROOMS
(2 with wash basins).
BATHROOM.
LOUNGE. DINING ROOM
(both with oak beamed ceilings and brick fireplaces).
NURSERY.
KITCHEN and OFFICES.



Companies' Electric Light and Water.

Oak Staircase of Saxon design.

GARAGE.

3 Loose Boxes. Outbuildings.

**THE GARDENS AND
GROUNDS**

are in good order, and include orchard, kitchen garden, pleasure gardens with flower beds and rockeries, large paddock.

The whole extending to an area of about
3 ACRES

PRICE £2,600 FREEHOLD

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SOUTH HAMPSHIRE

Within a short distance of the Coast and close to the Borders of the beautiful New Forest.

TO BE SOLD

THIS PICTURESQUE
**NORFOLK REED THATCHED
RESIDENCE**

built under the supervision of an eminent Architect, and containing many charming features.

4 GOOD BEDROOMS
(3 with basins, hot and cold water).
BATHROOM.
CHARMING DRAWING ROOM.
DINING ROOM.
SUN ROOM
(enclosed by sliding glass doors).
HALL. KITCHEN
and GOOD OFFICES.



Companies' Gas, Water and Electric Light.

EXCELLENT GARAGE
and Greenhouse.

**THE GARDENS AND
GROUNDS**

are well matured and beautifully laid out with lawns, flower borders and grass walks, small productive orchard, kitchen garden, large paddock.

The whole covering an area of about

5 ACRES

PRICE £2,550 FREEHOLD

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c.5

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. SOUTH ASPECT. VIEWS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

THE OLDER PART ORIGINALLY A
FARMHOUSE.

Hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

Modern drainage.

Electric light. Unfailing water supply.

Excellent COTTAGE (3 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.).

GARAGES.

Kitchen garden, pleasure grounds and 2 Paddocks;
in all

ABOUT 4½ ACRES

SACRIFICIAL PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED TO
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EXECUTORS' BARGAIN.

c.4

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POSSIBLY THE CHOICEST SITUATION IN SURREY.

Beautiful Leith and Holmbury Hills. Surrounded by miles of open command.
600ft. above sea level, with glorious views extending to the South Downs.

EXCELLENT REPLICA OF ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms,
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Co.'s water. Electric light.

GARAGE (for 4 cars).

LODGE.

COTTAGE.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS

arranged in terraces with hard tennis court, swimming pool, kitchen garden, woodland.

24 ACRES

VERY MODERATE PRICE FOR SPEEDY SALE

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c.2

READING 2 MILES

**ATTRACTIVE WELL-FITTED
RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE**

Well above flood level and having lovely lawns and
garden of about 1 Acre sloping to the river, with
boat-house, wet dock and tea room over.

LOUNGE HALL,

2 RECEPTION, BILLIARDS ROOM,

5 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.

Main water, gas and electricity.

Independent hot water.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD



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c.2

Occupying a beautiful position above the lovely Bicknell Valley, yet within 10 minutes'
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ATTRACTIVE DETACHED RESIDENCE

3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.

All main services. Central heating. GARAGE.

WELL-ESTABLISHED GARDENS AND GROUNDS

of about

1¼ ACRES

FREEHOLD ONLY £2,300

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ABOUT 4 MILES BASINGSTOKE

c.3

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Good service to Town in about 1 hour.

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6 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM.

2 Staircases.

Electric light and modern conveniences.

GARAGE. COTTAGE.

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A MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE comprising **94 ACRES**

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3 RECEPTION. 7 BEDROOMS.
DRESSING ROOM. 3 BATHROOMS.

Electric and gas plants. Central heating. Main water. Fixed wash basins in bedrooms.

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WELL PLACED, ON AN EMINENCE, FACING SOUTH.



With charming and interesting views of Christchurch Priory, Harbour, Hengistbury Head, the Needles, Isle of Wight, and the New Forest.

An exceptionally well built and comfortably appointed

MODERN HOUSE

with
LOUNGE HALL. 3 RECEPTION.
6 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS. DRESSING ROOM.
BATHROOM and 2 STAFF BEDROOMS.

Main drainage.
Co.'s electricity, gas and water.
Partial central heating.
Fixed wash basins in bedrooms.

GARAGE. Tennis Court.

Well sheltered and amply timbered GARDEN about

ONE ACRE AND A THIRD

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In very pretty Village, 300 yards from main road 'bus service.

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2 RECEPTION. 5 BEDROOMS.
BATHROOM.

Stone flagged floors, open fireplaces, beamed but well-pitched ceilings.

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Ample water supply.

Fine old Stone Barn.

Garden completely walled in; orchard and 2 paddocks. A home of simple and most appealing character.

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OVERLOOKING A GOLF COURSE.
10 MINUTES FROM SEA BATHING AND 7 MILES FROM BOURNEMOUTH.

VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Built for present owner in 1924, "Modern Georgian" in design, delightful open position.



Hall and cloakroom, loggia, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom.

Main electricity, gas and water.

2 Garages.

An excellent Bungalow-Cottage.

Tennis court. Charming matured and well-stocked Garden, small orchard and paddock. The whole comprising nearly

3 ACRES

THE FREEHOLD IS FOR SALE AT MUCH LESS THAN ACTUAL COST

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A PERFECTLY APPOINTED LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE



Fitted with every modern comfort for easy running.

Connected with all main services and equipped with a complete and efficient system of central heating; also running water (h. and c.) in bedrooms.

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MOST ATTRACTIVE WELL-STOCKED GARDEN OF 1/2 ACRE. Moor Park and Sandy Lodge Golf Courses within easy reach. Under 10 minutes' walk from station and shops.

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IN AN EXQUISITE ORCHARD SETTING 50 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON.
Close to an old-world Village and easy reach of favourite Cathedral City.

SMALL GEORGIAN CHARACTER HOUSE

with Jacobean features.

Compactly planned and carefully modernised. 3 reception, 4 principal and 3 small bedrooms, bathroom.

Central heating. Main water. Electricity available.

Garage, Stabling and outbuildings.

Charming Walled Gardens.



ONE ACRE

FREEHOLD £1,475

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350ft. above sea level, in a most convenient position, yet on the verge of lovely unspoilt and richly wooded country and adjoining the Green Belt. Within easy reach of Kingswood and Walton Heath Golf Courses.

PRICE

ONLY £2,975

This enchanting Tudor style house has genuine old oak timbers, antique panelling, oak parquet floors, central heating throughout, wash basins in bedrooms, and is connected to all main services. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, luxurious modern bathroom, box room. Double Garage.



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A WEST COUNTRY GEM

In irreproachable condition.

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In a lovely locality. Away from traffic nuisances. Hunting.

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Original barn adjoining house, with large workshop over.

Main electric light and water.

GARAGE.

Radiators and electric power points in every room.
Wash basins in all bedrooms.

The GARDENS offer exceptional facilities for a keen gardener, being situated in a belt of the most fertile loam in the West Country. Orchard; old walled gardens and grassland.



4 ACRES.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE

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CONVENIENT AND ACCESSIBLE. 'BUS SERVICE. EASY REACH OF SHOPS, STATION AND CINEMA. LONDON 55 MINUTES VIA SOUTHERN ELECTRIC.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Which has recently been the subject of considerable expenditure, now in perfect condition and replete with all up-to-date conveniences.

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2 BATHROOMS.

LIGHT AND AIRY DOMESTIC OFFICES
with new "Aga" cooker and new "Aga" domestic boiler.

All main services connected.

Electric power points in every room.

Running water in bedrooms and central heating throughout.

Semi-circular carriage drive approach.

WELL-STOCKED WALLED GARDENS

with fine specimen tulip tree and other features.



AS SIMPLE TO RUN AS A LONDON FLAT.

£3,500 FREEHOLD

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OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO GARDEN ENTHUSIASTS. ON GRAVEL SOIL. 400FT. UP. FACING SOUTH.

Adjoining the grounds of a large estate forming an exquisite woodland setting.

A really perfect position approached from quiet road within 12 minutes' walk of station. Easy reach of shops and Beaconsfield Golf Course.

THE WELL-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE of distinctive architecture is approached by a drive.

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Central heating, and all main services connected.

DETACHED GARAGE.

Greenhouse and other buildings.

Full-size tennis court.

REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, well stocked and in good order; prolific orcharding and meadowland.

Long and valuable road frontage. No road charges.



JUST OVER 2 ACRES.

VERY MODERATE PRICE

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CLOSE TO SURREY COMMON

300FT. UP ON SANDY LOAM SOIL.

OF IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL TO GARDEN LOVERS

SINGULARLY CHARMING HOUSE

35 minutes London via Southern Electric.

Beautiful situation.

'Bus route. Perfectly Peaceful.

Between London and Brighton and within easy reach of Walton Heath and other Golf Courses.

OF DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER AND APPROACHED BY A DRIVE.

Spacious and lofty rooms enjoying the maximum of sun and air.



3 EXCELLENT RECEPTION ROOMS,
9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS.

Central Heating.

All main services connected.

2 GARAGES. Greenhouses.

Tennis court over which keen tennis players enthuse.

THE GARDENS

although a most beautiful feature of the property, can be maintained by one gardener.

2 ACRES

FREEHOLD £4,500

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One of a Pair of Decorative Antique Dutch Flower Paintings, with finely-carved stripped pine frames. Their extreme length is 34 inches and height 29 inches.



A small Antique Walnut Bureau, with unusual cupboards below. The front is extremely well figured and the length is only 30 inches.



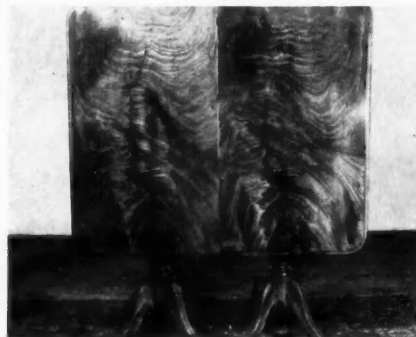
An unusually small Antique Hepplewhite Mahogany Sideboard with attractive breakfront and slender tapered legs. Extreme length 3 feet 10 inches.

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A very unique Georgian Mahogany Two-Pedestal Dining Table of almost miniature size. It is 3 feet 6 inches long and 36 inches wide.

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE HON. MRS. PETER PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE

Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, the interior of whose charming house in Regent's Park is the subject of an article in this issue, is a daughter of the late Mr. William Dodge James, C.V.O. She was married first to Mr. Marshall Field and in 1938 to The Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, who is the youngest son of the sixth Earl of Radnor.

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE STAFF OF LIFE

NOT very long ago Sir Daniel Hall made a vigorous protest about an announcement that a considerable proportion of our available supply of wheat corn was being turned over to cattle. Since then, demi-semi-official replies have been made to the effect that a large proportion of grain had always been unsuitable for human consumption : a fact which is undoubtedly true. To-day we have a new Minister of Food, and it is a matter of considerable importance that he should be well informed and well advised. It is with no intention of disputing facts and figures produced either by Sir Daniel Hall or by the Ministry of Agriculture that we call attention to an article in the current number of the *Readers' Digest*, a condensed rendering of the American point of view which is often of the greatest possible interest to Europeans. In an article entitled "New Strength for the Staff of Life" we learn that "Out in Morris, Illinois, a little flour mill is today producing the kind of flour that milling engineers despaired of achieving after spending millions on research over half a century—a creamy white flour with the nutritive values of whole wheat. Although it contains the life-giving embryo of the plant—the vitamin-packed wheat germ excluded from ordinary white flour because it causes rancidity—Morris Mills flour not only keeps sweet but is weevil-resistant and retains its baking strength through years of storage. So important is this superior flour to armies and rationed civilians that Hitler and Stalin have sent agents to confer with 42-year-old Daniel Hedges Brown, former Chicago newspaper executive, who holds all rights on the process. Representatives from Italy, England, Sweden, Switzerland, South Africa, and South America are also considering contracts . . . Large milling interests are eyeing the excitement, wondering whether to ignore the development or to start paying royalties to Brown, who acquired the Morris Mill after the accidental discovery that it was milling wheat-germ flour without meaning to do so."

This is the sort of "information" which makes one think backwards. Even in the eighteenth century Smollett was denouncing the prevailing taste for flour which looked like peruke powder, and the progressive degradation of wheat bread has gone on intermittently ever since. In

spite of the fact that we call bread the "staff of life," we have for nearly half a century taken the utmost care in this country to remove every valuable and health-giving property from our white flour before we turn it into bread. In a time when a nation may be called upon to rely on bread as their main physical sustenance, this may be of supreme importance. It is easy, of course, to write off agitations about "Standard Bread" as being "Press stunts." It is easy to describe those who prefer brown bread to white as eccentrics. From the national point of view these are minor considerations. Practically the whole of the bread produced in this country to-day, whether it is described as white or brown, contains none of the essential wheat germ which can only be found in proper wholemeal flour. Wholemeal bread is, however, sold in limited quantities by the leading shops and stores in London. The removal of the germ from flour began, according to Dr. Stocker, about 1875, with the introduction of the American system of milling, and its removal means the loss of most of the mineral and practically all of the vitamin content of the flour. One reason for the removal of the germ is alleged to be that flour keeps longer without it, but bread made with wholemeal flour and wheat germ lasts a fortnight and is still good at the end. This is one side of the matter. The other is that the composition of our bread during the next few years is going to be a matter of vast importance for this country. It should be the best from the health and prophylactic point of view that we can contrive, and it must take full account of all our limitations of supply and possibilities of production. Those who have studied the matter most carefully are inclined to think that the best solution would be to produce a bread of wholemeal diluted with about a third of potato—a dilution which would save a great deal in the way of imported breadstuffs.

THE BATTLE IN THE NORTH

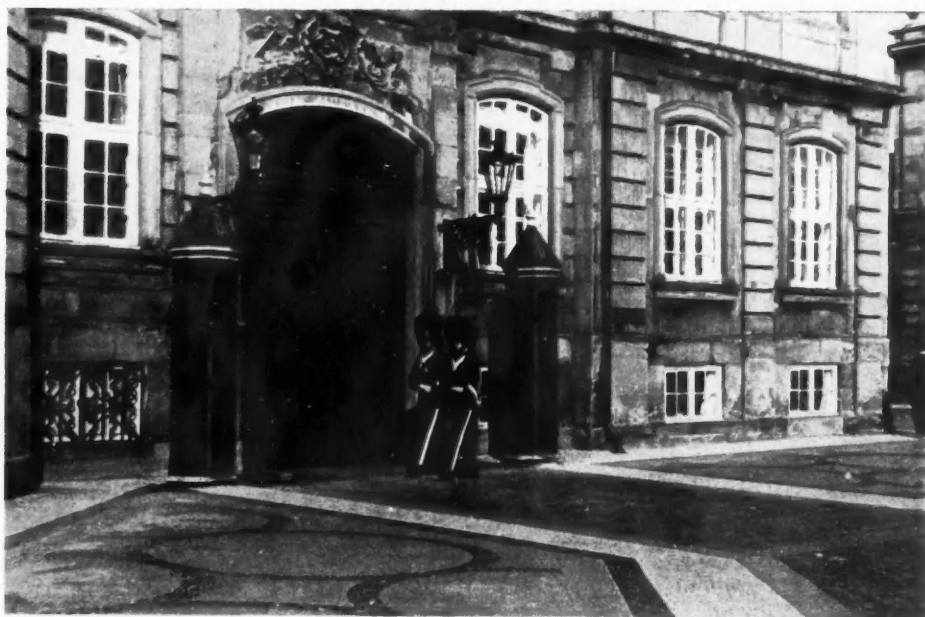
IN the week of intense action, culminating in the British landing in Norway, the result of supreme importance has been the crippling of the German Fleet. This achievement, in which Norwegian ships and shore batteries acquitted themselves no less magnificently than our own and other Allied sailors, has something like halved Germany's effective naval power. This is a greater measure of success than was obtained in the whole course of the last war, and the advantage was pressed home with vigour. The apologists for Jutland used to argue that the bottling-up of the German Fleet after the battle was equivalent to its having been sunk. Yet not only did we have to keep a large fleet on watch just in case the German Battle Fleet put to sea, but the mere existence of powerful enemy ships was sufficient to deter us from attempting what we have done immediately this time—mining the entrances to every German harbour. What remains of the German Fleet can be contained for the rest of the war, giving the Allied Fleet a vastly increased range of effectiveness in other waters, should the need arise. It is too soon to express more than admiration for the gallant stand being made by the scattered Norwegian army and people. But a point to which attention can be drawn in relation to Denmark is the consequent release for import to this country of great supplies of animal feeding-stuffs, the restriction of which hitherto has caused some anxiety. They have, it is true, to be bought with foreign exchange. But the available supplies, and the tonnage to carry them, are thus relatively increased.

COPENHAGEN'S TRAGEDY

THE first reaction of a good many people on waking to learn of the German occupation of Denmark must have been emotion—sadness, fury, or bitterness—that the most charming city in Europe should now be the prey of the Nazis. No one who has known it can come away without a longing to return to its happy sunny atmosphere, similar to that of our own east coast, but more pronounced, and partly due to the same atmospheric conditions. The abiding impressions are of green spires and red roofs and glistening white walls, the myriad lights and the music of the Tivoli Gardens at night, the lapping of the ubiquitous water, and streams of bicycles. In recent years the Danes

THE ROYAL GUARDS OUT-
SIDE THE AMALIENBORG
PALACE, COPENHAGEN.

(Photograph, F. R. Yerbury).



seem to have contrived to accept only the benefits of modern civilisation without its ugliness and obsessions. The effect is of a prolongation of the eighteenth century into an ideal democracy. This is more or less historically the case, for the wealth and evils of industrialism passed by this community of farmers and merchants. Those who have had the direction of national life have remembered the classic grace of Thorwaldsen and the tenderness of Hans Andersen. Something of this happy state is reflected in the collection of photographs by Mr. F. R. Yerbury of Danish and Norwegian architecture at the Building Centre, which opened very aptly last Friday. Not that we do not look forward, in the very near future, to the rolling back of the hideous tide that has overwhelmed an ancient nation which can cry as passionately as ourselves, "We must be free or die."

LOMOND: SPRING 1939

Above, beyond the evening-purpled lake,
Where the last sunlight licks the promontories,
The arrogant high head of Lomond soars,
Fronting impregnably the northern breeze.

Oh shaken world, about whose far circumference
The waters swirl, the winds of war increase,
Whilst with a nightmare shock the lands of freedom
Tardily waken from a dream of peace!

And bright and sharp the massing bayonets glitter,
And gaudy flags of tyranny unfurled
Fly over angry chancelleries preparing
To loose a madman's spite upon the world.

No cannonade, no sudden death-stroke falling
Can mar the sweep of Lomond's fortified downs,
Though amidst roar and cataract appalling
Crash the stone beauties of a thousand towns.

These, these, shall never taste of our disruption,
These waters laugh, these sovereign bastions rise,
Where Lomond, beauty's signatory, forever
Lifts its proud head to the long-weeping skies.

P. H.

DRIVING AND THE WAR

THE driving rallies held at Eversley on April 17th by the Berkshire Branch, and at Wootton on April 18th by the New Forest Cavaliers Branch of the Driving Club are of special interest just now, not as social activities of the newly formed central driving organisation, but because of the special national application of such activities, and of the revival of interest in driving that had begun before the war. The point that is being fully appreciated about driving is that, while the horse is there ready for work, the supply of men qualified to drive and look after him is limited. Commercial users of horse transport, in the country especially, are discovering this shortage. Local private owners have already done much valuable transport work in connection with evacuees and so forth. But it is yet more important that through them the Driving Club will be the means of

disseminating knowledge and instruction in all that pertains to driving, which can be passed on to the boys and women who are being employed on commercial horse transport. This co-operation between the commercial and private users of horse vehicles can be an invaluable contribution to prosecuting the war behind the lines, and to reviving that fellowship which had passed from the coachhouse and stable to the garage.

NO POINT-TO-POINTS

UNDER normal conditions we should now be in the middle of the point-to-point season, but the grim effects of war are being felt in even the quiet country districts, where farmer turns to farmer and says dolefully: "No point-to-point this year," meaning to say that he and his friends will lose their much-enjoyed holiday. No doubt the "powers that be" considered all aspects of the case and their decision was based on a careful weighing up of everything. No doubt it was the right decision, but the countryman finds it incomprehensible. He sees racing under National Hunt Rules taking place up and down the country, he sees professional football being allowed to carry on, and he sees his local Hunt, which derived a good slice of its income from its point-to-point meeting, in dire straits for cash, so he is bewildered and repeats: "Why couldn't we have our little meeting?" We confess to sympathy with him. If it is possible and desirable to have ordinary steeplechase meetings, we echo the countryman's lament at the abolition—temporarily, we hope—of the most amateur and sporting form of racing. Unfortunately, it looks as though the agricultural shows, which are no less red-letter days in the countryman's year, will also not be held.

AN EXHIBITION FOR FINLAND

THE interruption of communications with Finland will not be interpreted in this country as any reason for relaxing our efforts to assist that heroic northern nation to the best of our powers. Following the successful exhibition at Richmond in aid of the Finland Fund, another, no less interesting, was opened this week in Chelsea. No. 96, Cheyne Walk, where the exhibition is being held, forms part of Lindsey House, now the last survivor of the riverside palaces of Chelsea, it has the additional interest of having been the home of Whistler. Relics associated with Chelsea residents, from Sir Thomas More to Scott of the Antarctic, include a ruff worn by More, a cope embroidered by Katherine of Aragon, the crucifix given to Father Huddleston by Charles II on his death-bed, and a charcoal portrait by Greaves of Carlyle—the last lent by His Majesty the King. In addition to a collection of furniture and Chelsea porcelain, there is a picture section of works by past and present Chelsea artists. Some of the modern paintings are for sale, and the proceeds are being divided between the artists and the Finland Fund.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

AMERICA THINKS US STARVING—COSTLY CAULIFLOWERS—"NEWS VALUE"—
ARAB AND JEW—SCOTTISH NATIONALISM—MILITARY GARDENERS

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

I HAVE just received from an American sister-in-law living in California a parcel containing three pounds of dog biscuit for my dog. He is a most attractive Aberdeen and is one of those discerning animals who knows, and reserves a special welcome for, all members of the family. It is by no means unusual for his claims to be considered before mine, and I am not complaining that the package was for him and not for me. What I do complain about is that German propaganda in the United States should be so effective and ours so sterile that intelligent Americans, who know this country well and who have lived here, should be brought to believe that we are on the brink of starvation.

As a matter of fact, it is not entirely German propaganda that is responsible in this particular case, but rather our own newspapers. My American relation has access to them all, and has drawn her conclusions from the constant references to meat, butter, sugar, bacon and other shortages, and the lurid pictures drawn of frantic housewives roaming the streets with empty baskets. If one remote district of Great Britain is temporarily short of beef or butter for twenty-four hours it obtains a front-page notice in the Press with a photograph of an angry woman who could not obtain her 8lb. sirloin of beef for her Sunday dinner but would have accepted a leg of mutton instead if the reporter had not encouraged her to be fractious.

I do not know if the south and south-west of England is being singled out for preferential treatment by the Ministry of Food, but so far I have failed to come across anything resembling a serious deficiency of any commodity for the human that can be attributed to the war and sinking of food ships. The only really serious war hardship that has occurred in this household is that once we had to accept Stilton at a reduced price of 1s. 8d. a pound because Cheddar was not available.

What has been, and is still, remarkable is the very acute shortage of green vegetables, and the enormous price that a few weary, frost-bitten Brussels sprouts and miserable cauliflowers are fetching when they are available, but this is a state of affairs for which neither Goebbels nor Goering can take credit. If they want to present anyone with an Iron Cross for accomplishing it they must give it to Jack Frost, who is solely responsible and who has done his work very thoroughly.

THE other day a car in front of me took a corner too sharply at 55 m.p.h., mounted the bank at the side of the road, turned over twice, and finally came to rest with its underparts exposed and its four wheels spinning in the air. A party of Royal Air Force effected a rescue and extracted the occupant through one of the windows. He was badly cut on the face and slightly concussed, but he refused at first to get into the R.A.F. car to go to a doctor, because there was something weighing on his mind. He had left something of great value in his derelict car, and could not remember what it was. Then suddenly it came back to him: "Two cauliflowers," he mumbled; "I bought them in Wareham, and they cost eighteenpence each. I was hurrying home with them."

THOSE who feel that our vaunted freedom of the Press is carried to extremes these days should read a book that I have just discovered, but which has been out now for something like two years. This is "Jill Fell Down," by Gerard Tickell: it is perhaps not everybody's book, but, though it is not written to point a moral, there is a moral in it, for it is a very true to life story of a quite ordinary family living an ordinary existence, who were suddenly plunged into one disaster after another owing to a slight *contretemps* that had unfortunately a Press value. An astute reporter with a nose for offal wrote up the incident, with photographs of the principals snapped at a moment when they were not on their guard. Having whetted the appetite of the public, he and others of his species hounded the family for months, and the book deals in a vigorous manner with the reactions of the various characters in the story to whom this sordid publicity brought ruin and disaster. I recommend the book, for it brings home to one forcibly the cruelty and ruthlessness of the circulation-at-any-price Press. The question is, Who is to blame? The public who read and enjoy, the reporters, the editors, or the newspaper-owners?

IT is not the policy of COUNTRY LIFE to express opinions on the rights and wrongs of the Jew-Arab case in Palestine, for the question has been thrashed out in the Press and on the platform for some twenty weary years, and the problem of its settlement was the subject of a Colonial Office conference held in London last spring. Jewry should now be satisfied that Great Britain has made the most painstaking efforts to settle this question and will without doubt make further efforts in the future when the horizon is clearer.

The only thing that matters at the present moment in the Middle East is the goodwill and assistance of the Muslim peoples who inhabit all the lands on the southern seaboard of the Mediterranean from Turkey to Algiers, for this is a factor that will have considerable bearing on the successful conclusion

of the war. The alternative of this might mean that the future of the Jews in Palestine would be decided by Germany, and as a far-seeing race they should be able to make up their minds where their interests lie.

The clause in the Regulations that is causing dissatisfaction is the new land law which in certain areas prohibits the sale of land by the Arabs to the Jews. The Arab party say that the country is already over-populated and that no more land is available; the Jews maintain that there is ample land and that the population could be doubled. Both sides are right: the explanation of the mystery is that Palestine is populated by a very conservative race, and their primitive methods of cultivation demand a far greater acreage to support their standard of life than is the case with the very up-to-date, hard-working Jews. It is a problem that time, evolution and patience will surely solve.

THE recent by-election in Argyllshire, the Conservative candidate in which was Major Duncan McCallum, who until recently has been serving on the staff in Egypt, caused a discussion in the club the other night on the question of the Scottish Nationalists and their programme. Here in the south of England nobody seems very knowledgeable about the aims and objects of the Scottish Nationalist Party, nor what they have to complain about in the existing state of affairs. There can be no question of a desire for *Lebensraum*, as the Scots have ample at their command, only admitting the Sassenach to their country during the salmon, grouse and deer-stalking seasons, and they are not out of pocket over the accommodation of these immigrants. The idea of a suppressed minority does not fit in with the Scottish case, for there is hardly a town in England where some Scot does not hold an important position, and when one travels abroad to our Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies one obtains the impression that they have inherited the earth.

A member of the club told us a story of this state of affairs that was new to me, though, like so many good tales, it is probably a chestnut. An old Glasgow sea-captain, who had spent a lifetime on the Eastern run calling at Port Said, Colombo, Rangoon, Singapore and Hong Kong, was asked by a Scottish friend what he thought of the English abroad.

"I don't know," he said briefly. "I never met any."

THE searchlight sections of our anti-aircraft defences are in some cases stationed in the most delightful rural spots in the open country, though the fresh sea breezes and general charm of their posts may not have been apparent to the personnel during the last four months of snow and gales. Now, however, that primroses in the hedgerows and daffodils in the coppices are coinciding with greatly reduced hours of duty at night, the men are beginning to take a brighter view of the situation and an interest in the possibilities of their posts.

I discovered a section the other day in one of the recognised beauty spots of England, and the Army hut in which the men lived had a clear view over four counties and a goodly stretch of the English Channel as well, while the additional amenities of the post were a small trout stream in the valley below and a rabbit warren on the hill behind. The interesting part about this particular post was the small farm that had come into being during the last four months, for half an acre of recently acquired field had been dug, trenched, and planted with potatoes and vegetables, and two dozen hens who lived in a packing-case shed were obtaining all their foodstuffs from the waste of the camp.

It was explained that so far there was plenty of enthusiasm for intensive cultivation and that the men spent the greater part of their time on the garden plots, but the weak spot of the scheme and of Army farming in general was the old one of uncertainty of tenure owing the Army's craze for transfers. At any moment the sergeant, whose knowledge and experience had inspired the cultivation, might find himself posted to some barren region where not a blade of grass would grow, or an inspecting officer with no eye for a garden might decide to shift the section to another site half a mile away just when the peas were in pod and the lettuces making their hearts. During the last war my batman, a military Mr. Middleton, created a series of gardens wherever he found himself, but invariably the day before the radishes were fit to pull we marched on, and another warrior ate of the fruits of his endeavours.

The Army have a deep-rooted objection to allowing troops to stay put in a locality for any length of time, and it is sometimes difficult to account for the various moves and counter-moves that annoy both the men and the billetes. I think the idea at the back of the military mind is that they do not wish the men to dig themselves in too thoroughly and make themselves too much at home. There may be something in this view, for I recall the other side of the picture—an Arab sergeant-major of police *somewhere* in the East, who, having remained in one post for some fifteen years, had dug himself in so successfully that when he retired he owned every acre of land within rifle-shot of his post and half the shops in the village as well.

MEMORIES OF NORWAY

BY

MAJOR ANTHONY BUXTON

I HAVE often hoped, and particularly lately, that the comments heard on all sides from English men and women returning from a trip to Norway are heard by Norwegian ears as well. They would make them tingle.

I cannot bear to think of war in those bright, peaceful fjords in contrast to the grey dullness of the North Sea, with their gay little wooden houses, their countless boats and bathers all waving a merry welcome; in the bright clean towns and the lovely valleys; above all, among that kindly, honest, sturdy people, who have made Norway such a treat to know.

I have visited Norway twenty-three times and I love it and its people almost as a Norwegian. My memories of it are altogether happy.

The great majority of its population live on the sea and by the sea, and one of the first things noticed on a trip up its rugged west coast is the number of villages and isolated farms that the Norwegians have succeeded in establishing on every available place where habitation is remotely

(Below) A PEACEFUL FJORD
Photograph by F. R. Yerbury, from the
Exhibition of Photographs of Architecture
of Norway and Denmark at the Building
Centre



(Above) THE MARKET PLACE,
OSLO



possible. It is often difficult to see how the inhabitants can reach their homesteads perched on the top of a precipice, with no visible access, and how they can manage to cultivate the tiny plots clinging at astounding angles to the mountain-sides.

The western coast is so guarded by islands and indented by fjords that from Stavanger to Trondheim, and indeed farther north, the passage can be made under complete protection from the open sea nearly all the way. The coastal steamers that follow this route carry daily and with great efficiency post, passengers and goods.

Norway, however, is not all like its rugged western seaboard. As you pass along the most beautiful of all railways from Bergen over the backbone of the country at Finse (a great ski-ing resort) and down to Oslo, you wind for miles along the edge of a peaceful fjord that bites deep into the country, then up a glorious river, gin clear, brown and green and blue, past an inland lake and up through dwarf birch and wild moor carpeted with alpine flowers to the snows; then down into the Hallingdal, a less rugged, peaceful country of pine, birch, lakes, and smiling farms—a complete contrast to the sterner western face.

Once on that railway I was in a compartment with an American lady and her son. We were passing through gorgeous country, and the son was drinking it all in, while his mother buried her face in a novel. "Oh, ma," said the boy, "come and look at this waterfall." "Don't talk to me about waterfalls, boy, I've



A GENERAL VIEW OF BERGEN LOOKING DOWN THE FJORD



OSLO FJORD IN THE SUMMER



seen enough of them in the last twenty-four hours to last me for a lifetime."

It is a country that needs sun and it gets it in full measure in the summer. I have spent more time in my shirt-sleeves in Norway than in any land I know, for the steep rocky slopes bake in the sun; but a dip in icy water is always available, and so is that delicious Norwegian beer.

No people knows better how to appreciate their country than the Norwegians: they bathe and sail in its waters, they walk and climb its mountains with their knapsacks on their backs, and the system of alpine huts in convenient places is admirable. Many of these walkers carry a fishing-rod, for, although the salmon and sea-trout rivers are generally let, fishing for brown trout on the streams is either free or can be obtained by asking permission in almost every district.

On the moors and in the dwarf birch are ryer—our grouse to all intents and purposes, except that their wings are always white and the rest of them goes white in winter. Still higher are the ptarmigan, and in some places the reindeer, wild or tame. Down in the fir woods are the elk and the capercailzie. In a few districts are red deer, and in the south of Norway a steadily increasing population of roe.

I hardly dare embark upon the fishing, for I should say too much. The brilliant colours of the rivers are imparted to the salmon and the sea trout. Those colours pass a few seconds after the fish is on the bank, but while they last they defy description or analysis—a glistening radiance of browns, greens, yellows, and silver. I have never seen such colours here.

When first I gazed at a lovely river, much advice was

THE BRILLIANT COLOURS
OF THE RIVERS ARE IM-
PARTED TO THE SALMON
AND SEA TROUT

given me by the local gaffers. "You start fishing that pool at the black rock and you stop at the gravel bank," etc., etc. The old parson who was standing by me waited till they had all done and then drew me aside. "Mr. Buxton, you shall fish, where they tell you not." That was the best advice on fishing that I ever got. It was that parson's proud boast that nothing had ever stopped him reaching the several churches where he took service. By ski, by boat, by skate, or by some other means, he always arrived, whatever the weather. As sailors and boatmen there is no one to touch the Norwegians. They are practically born with oars in their hands and skis on their feet.

My memories are of the children and their parents trooping down the valley in their gay clothes for the sports, of the farmer whose family have lived in that house and fished that pool for 200 years, of the churchwarden who points into the water and proclaims "here stand a fiske," of the carpenter skilled with oar or rod or gaff, and no less skilled as a nurserymaid to my children, of all the strong hands, the light hair, and the clean friendly faces.

I should like to impress the Norwegian character on the minds of my countrymen. Perhaps this will do it best. Every domestic animal in Norway, whether it be one of those sturdy ponies, a hard-milked cow, the local bull, or the goat that produces the brown cheese, comes straight up to you, expecting to be fed or at least patted. That, and the familiar greeting "Welcome to Norway," stamps them as the most kindly people in the world, and as for honesty, you can leave your fishing-rods or your golden sovereigns in the street, and find them safe next morning.

NORWEGIAN IRON

AN ALTERNATIVE TO NARVIK, BY CARL KLAUSSEN

THE campaign in Norway ultimately revolves round the Scandinavian iron and metal mines. Great Britain has hitherto got 40 per cent. of her iron ore through Norway from the mines across the Swedish border. Little, however, has been heard of Norway's own mineral resources nor of the develop-



HISTORIC TRONDJEM

ing Norwegian State Ironworks at Mo-i-Rana just south of the Arctic Circle. A good deal is likely to be heard of this in the immediate future.

The smelting of iron in Norway is a centuries-old industry. As far back as 1530 the first charcoal iron-smelting plant was erected near Skien (on the south coast), and in the early seventeenth century the industrious King Christian IV of Norway and Denmark established a number of ironworks in the southern part of the country.

The golden age of the Norwegian iron industry—if one may call it so—occurred towards the end of the eighteenth and in the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. During this period some twenty ironworks with a total of twenty-two furnaces were working.

About the middle of last century, however, the old iron industry, based upon charcoal smelting, deteriorated, and in 1890 only one ironworks remained in operation, namely, Næs Jernverk, near Tvedestrand, and in 1906 this also had to cease the manufacture of pig-iron. Only quite lately has a small proportion of the Norwegian requirements of iron and steel come to be produced within the country.

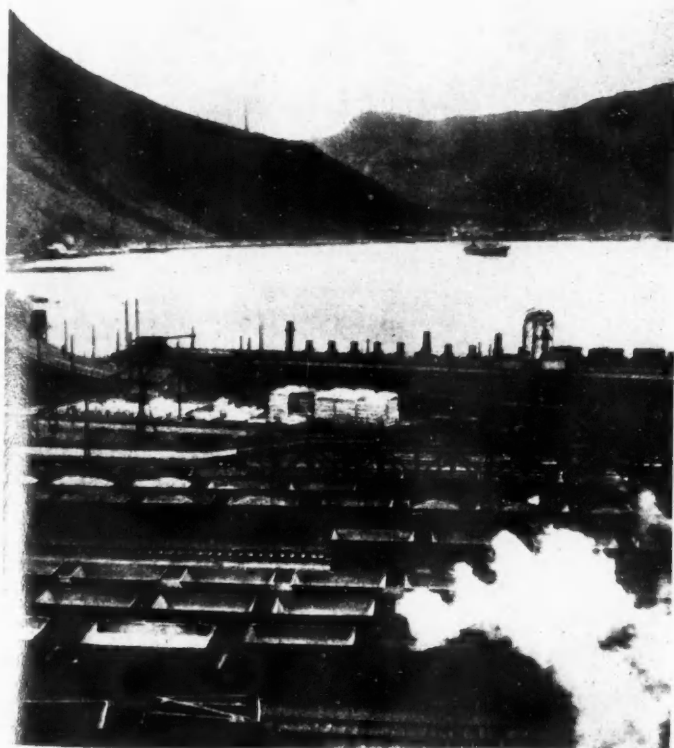
In 1936 the Board of Trade appointed a select committee which carefully went into the various projects placed before them, and finally concentrated on Spildra, near Glomfjord, and Mo-i-Rana, both in the Nordland Fylke (county), as the most advantageous sites for the future Norwegian State ironworks and rolling mill, a large majority of the committee agreeing on Mo-i-Rana as the premier alternative. The great work of creating a Norwegian State ironworks was well in hand before the war.

Mo-i-Rana is a small, idyllic township of about 2,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of the Rana-fjord just below the Arctic Circle. The surrounding districts have for long been a favourite hunting ground of British salmon and trout fishing sportsmen. Latterly, and especially since the opening in 1937 of the main trunk road connecting Trondheim with Bodo overland, Mo-i-Rana was being favoured with a steadily growing influx of tourists. It is easily accessible from all directions—from Oslo in twenty-six hours by train and bus, to and from Bodo in seven hours by road, and by the so-called *Svenskeveien* (Swedish Road) from Sweden and Finland. And, of course, by sea.

One of the main reasons of the Iron Committee for proposing the establishment of the ironworks at Mo was the abundance of raw materials in the immediate neighbourhood of Mo. The Dunderland Valley (Dunderlandsdalen), stretching north-east from the Rana-fjord, contains enormous deposits of iron ore, the reserves having been estimated by a number of mining experts to amount to some 200 million tons of good ore. This, in my opinion, is a conservative estimate. Of these deposits the main part belongs to a British mining company, the Dunderland Iron Ore Company, Limited, which since the summer of 1937 has been operating at nearly full capacity, exporting some 150,000 tons of high-grade concentrate per year. Other large and rich deposits have been acquired recently by the largest mining company in Norway.

THE HARBOUR AT NARVIK

Showing trucks that have brought ore mined in the Kiruna district of Northern Sweden



THE FARMER'S WAR

THE COUNTIES SURVEYED, VI.—WILTSHIRE, BY C. W. WHATLEY

Heavily committed to milk production, Wiltshire farmers have, nevertheless, undertaken to plough their 40,000 acres and contemplate a much larger programme for 1941. Labour, and the competition for land by the Army and Air Force are further local problems.



THE SWINDON GAP FROM BARBURY CASTLE

A representative arable area, much of it newly ploughed. Oxen ploughed these fields as late as 1919, being stabled in the shed seen in the centre middle distance

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, Wiltshire was making a great contribution to feeding a rising industrial population. Incidentally, that rising population was existing on a low standard of living. In those days her main output of farm products were corn, sheep and cheese. The cheese room still exists in many of the low-lying farmhouses. Where is she to-day? Much of her uplands which produced corn and sheep in those days have been diverted to milk production. Her lowlands too have forsaken cheese to participate in the scramble to provide milk, for which there has been an increasing demand since the steady rise in the standard of living.

The great attraction of milk production is the immediate cash return. To the struggling farmer how charming is that word "cash"! But at the same time the change-over showed the great ingenuity of the Wiltshire farmer in adapting himself to a set of circumstances which has crept into the farming world since the end of the nineteenth century. How could he carry on his old occupation of cereal production in the face of free imports on a particularly low scale of prices? During the last half-century he has been quick to realise that it was a better proposition to feed 100 cows supplemented by concentrates from overseas than to feed seventy-five from his own soil.

Confronted by this picture of the Wiltshire farmers' position at the outbreak of war, one might reasonably ask: how is he reacting to present war conditions? That there is most certainly no lack of patriotism is demonstrated by his willingness to participate in the effort to return 40,000 acres of his grassland again to the plough.

It is really amazing how little opposition there has been to this programme. It may be there is a latent feeling in the farmer's mind that he must provide for his own needs for next winter and possibly for many winters, that is, if he has an eye to his yield of milk. He very rightly feels that this product (with its attraction of cash) will probably be less disturbed if his zeal and energy are diverted to making his land give an increased yield of both concentrates and bulk of fodder. He is advised by his War Committee to use a little artificial manure on his proposed hay crop and not to spare his hand or his pocket when he dresses his cereal crop with a nitrogenous manure, that is, if he has an eye to a larger output.

So far, this is the Wiltshire farmers' war aim, and there is every reason to believe that this mapped-out programme will be generally applied with good results.

It would be incorrect to assume that his war effort will stop on this somewhat modest beginning. He has visions of another drive for the 1941 harvest, but of that one would be ill advised to make a prophecy. Much depends on the progress of the war.

EFFECTS OF THE WINTER

Unfortunately, the county, like others has lost those two months following Christmas—two important months which in normal years, with normal weather, much extra ploughing might have been accomplished. However, our farmers recognise the task they have before them of putting this extra 40,000 acres into crop for the 1940 harvest, and with good luck and good weather this task will be surmounted.

The severe weather has not been conducive to Wiltshire methods of dealing with breaking up pastures. Had the farmer had a warning of a two months frost, which would stop all field operations, he might have been in a stronger position. For instance, he might have increased his wheat acreage and thereby have reduced his spring operations. But assuming he had spent his energies in this direction, worse might have befallen him. As it is, some winter crops have been swept away by abnormal winter conditions and fields of various crops will require re-seeding.

Then again, our Wiltshire ideas rather lend themselves to early spring ploughing and seeding right away with a crop of oats—that is, where the farmer is breaking up old, worn-out pastures.



W. Dennis Moss.

THE VALE OF THE WHITE HORSE

Infra-red photograph

Largely pasture, little of which has yet been disturbed by the ploughing programme



SOWING AND PRESSING

The seedbox is in front of the Fordson Tractor; behind it a seven-wheel land press, specially applicable where land is too sticky to be pressed when ploughed

He holds the opinion—I believe the expert scientist also endorses this opinion—that a possible infestation of wireworm will be reduced by this method, the theory being that the wireworm is kept busy on the green turf ploughed in, which enables the cereal crop to get a good start in life.

It is amazing what a hold this opinion has on the farmers of this county. To such lengths is it carried that I am prepared to say that two-thirds of his new programme will undergo this treatment. Many of these fields, where they are full of fertility, will be called upon to put up a crop of wheat with a reasonable hope of a good yield for the 1941 harvest.

GOOD SUB-COMMITTEE WORK

Like other counties, we have our Executive Committee, but their task has been much lightened by the fact that the local sub-committees exist to apply their intimate local knowledge in scheduling the land to be broken up. This wise provision in the national campaign has saved unsuitable land from the plough and avoided the mistakes inevitable in too centralised organisations.

The Machinery Committee has probably enjoyed its activities, although at times a little anxiety may be expressed; but so far all is going well. Yet they are a little disturbed on the question of threshing machines. We have our usual supply in the county, it is true, but many have lived a fast life, or at least a hard one, and it follows they are not suited to stand extra strains. Certainly they are unable to be jolted about from farm to farm with a travelling gang of men. This method the Committee feel will have to be adopted to meet the needs of the smaller farms and, indeed, the majority of farmers.

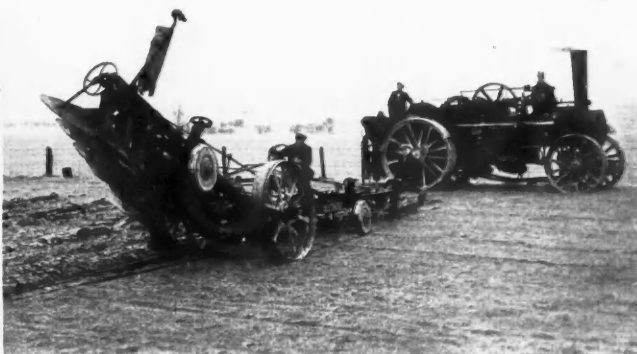
The Labour Committee, too, are exercising all their ingenuity to gather together every source of labour to make the war effort a success. They are co-operating with the County Roads and Bridges Committee to lend men for threshing and other seasonal work. The county is also one of the foremost in putting to use the Women's Land Army. The number of those employed already stands at some 200. The Committee is exploring, too, the possibilities of a supply from the refugee centres. Again, parish councils are to be approached with a view to drawing up lists of volunteers to work during the evening at hay-making,

or to help later with the harvest.

War on rabbits is being waged with a vengeance. Orders for their destruction are issued without flinching, and woe betide the man who pays no heed.

THE UPLANDS AND VALES

Plans for next year's work are already taking shape. Of course, it is early days to make them, but the experience gained this winter will no doubt serve as a guide to the future, since there would seem to be a growing



STEAM PLOUGHING

These engines which were supplied by the Ministry of Agriculture for the 1917 campaign are again doing valuable work

opinion that the Committee must look to the higher land for much of their future programme. There are several reasons why I think the Committee will give thought to this plan. Let me illustrate a few. First, they have to give consideration to maintaining as far as possible a good milk supply; the Vale land will certainly carry a bigger cow population than the uplands, therefore they may say, do not speed the plough too fast in the Vale.

Our smaller farmers have readily consented to having a field, or perhaps two, scheduled for ploughing. They realise that in future they will have a few acres for root cultivation, and these roots will be served with a ration of oat straw, of which they can see abundance looming up not so far ahead. It must not be thought that this policy applies to every Vale farmer; indeed, we have very many who are not required to break up any pasture, for the good reason that their holdings are too wet and low-lying.

COMBINE HARVESTERS AND TRACTORS

Another reason for making an extended call on the upland man is that his arable sense is more mature. He has, too, the necessary implements; it may be true these are showing signs of infrequent use, but if required to play a part they can at least be reconditioned and put to a better use than lying behind the hedgerow. Then, again, mechanisation is fast gaining a foothold in Wiltshire. Combine harvesters are already operating in several parts of the county, and, from information I have, more are to follow. When I mention that we have 1,487 tractors on a counted list, it will be realised that the mechanical sense is not wanting among our farming community.

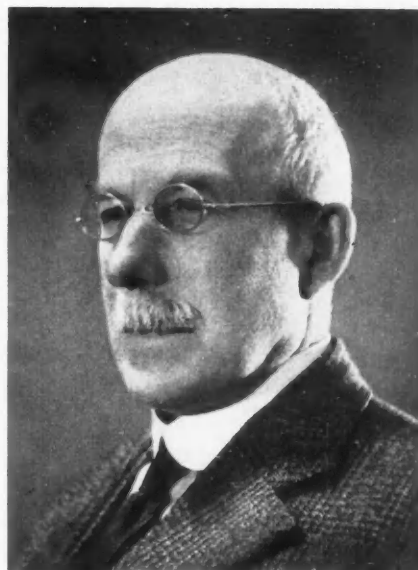
For several years the progressive farmer has adopted the principle of gathering his hay into a field rick rather than waste valuable time in taking it to his stackyard. How quickly has this practice extended since Mr. Arthur Hosier introduced the idea of finding a use for the obsolete motor car! The propelled hay-sweep has quite displaced the old horse implement. This was always a horse-killing tool, and I am sure he (the horse) does not regret its passing. Surely these are sound reasons for concentrating on the uplands, where mechanisation has further room to expand. Tractors and their kit must have plenty of room to move if your object is to get acres ploughed.

DEMANDS OF THE SERVICES

The invasion of billeted troops in the county is a very disturbing factor, and I am afraid they will be more so as the summer advances and our crops approach their harvest. But the most disturbing factor of all is the invasion of camp and aerodrome contractors; they seem to be lodged in every area of the county, and they do not hesitate to take men by motor lorry from every village. The poor farmer has not a hope



MR. W. T. PRICE
Chief Organiser



MR. RICHARD STRATTON
Chairman, War Agriculture Committee

of competing in wages, and if it were not for his service-cottages he would be left high and dry. Really the labour difficulty is a very serious matter, but I am sure our farmers are meeting the situation bravely. New milking machines are the order of the day; in fact, there are few who have not already installed one.

What the Wiltshire farmer cannot understand is the published statement that there are 47,555 unemployed in Great Britain in agriculture, forestry, etc., and yet he cannot find labour to carry on his farming pursuits. Does it mean that Labour Exchanges are functioning ineffectively?

One would have thought that as Wiltshire has some 100,000 acres of land occupied by the Service departments, the county would be spared any further call for land on which to train the fighting Forces. The question is often asked: "Why is it the Service departments, in selecting new sites for camps, aerodromes

and landing grounds, will choose the best and most productive land?" There would seem to be no solution to the query. Perhaps some day someone will solve the mystery. If they do, I very much doubt whether the Wiltshire farmer will think it a reasonable one, for he is wedded to his land, and says that the day will soon come when half the land of England will be required to defend the other half and the population.

The Farmer's War in Wiltshire is guided by two men, Mr. Richard Stratton as Chairman and Mr. W. T. Price as Chief Organiser, who have for a number of years worked in double harness on all matters appertaining to agriculture in the county. They most certainly hold the confidence of a large volume of our farmers. What activities they direct will be practical and will ensure a war effort not to be overlooked when the summing up is done at the close of hostilities.

THE GREENSHANK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY IAN THOMSON

IN the past, illustrated articles on the greenshank have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE several times, but there were two things mentioned and shown in the photographs which I have never seen. These were the relief of the sitting bird by its mate, and the characteristic slightly recurved bill—or, at any rate, I, as a novice with this bird at close quarters, thought that this was characteristic of the greenshank. As I have said, the bird at close quarters was new to me until last year; in fact, I had only twice seen it, once on migration at Hickling, and once in the nesting season in early June, 1938, when, after a day of "watching," my wife and I discovered that the birds had young ones about a week old. This pair were near to a small stream, and the chicks accounted for their not being on the higher ground where we had expected to find them, and where, no doubt, they had hatched their young ones. Now they were leading them to ground where they could find more food and water. Those who know the greenshank intimately will probably consider that I should have guessed from the behaviour of the birds that they had young ones, and that I was wasting my time if I hoped to find a nest, but I have found in the past that birds do not always nest in the text-book places, and in this case we never saw more than one bird at a time, and this gave us the idea that the bird under observation was probably the bird away from the nest feeding, or on "sentry go."

In late May last year, 1939, we returned to the north, and

the greenshank was one of the birds we hoped to photograph, as we were a little earlier than before. The district was a different one from that of the previous year, and, as usual, we went straight away to one of our stalker friends, who told us that he had stumbled on to what he took to be a greenshank, which had noisily left a lovely clutch of four eggs. How typical of the Highlander to make such a remark, when he knew "jolly well" that it was a greenshank all the time. The twinkle in his eyes gave him away, I fear. His house was far up one of Scotland's loveliest glens, and in these difficult times how soul-satisfying it is to imagine one is back in that far distant and peaceful beauty spot. He was going that way after "hoodies," and would show us the nest if we cared to come along with him. If we cared! We set off climbing almost as soon as we left his house, he leading the way up a pony track, and in about half an hour he paused and turned to me, saying: "I think it was somewhere here," but those eyes gave him away again. We moved slowly forward, and off a bird went, not more than five yards from the pathway.

I shall always remember that first nest; it was a glorious day, and so hot that we were thankful that we had not to go farther. Both birds were flying overhead and stooping at us, calling loudly, some of the notes resembling those of their cousin the redshank, but to me they seemed fuller and more resonant.

The nest, in a way, was typical as to its situation; I had always understood that the greenshank chose a spot close to



THE FIRST HATCHED HAS HIS FIRST WALK

a stone or some light object, such as a blanched bit of dead wood. In this case the nest had much larger stones all round it than I remember having seen in printed illustrations. I had also been told that there was always a pool of water near by. Sure enough, there it was, not twenty yards away. The eggs were hard set, and, as we had a hide with us, we put it up not far from where we wanted it, and went off to watch events some distance away.

Soon the birds ceased their anxious notes and all was quiet, except for an occasional gull or hoodie passing over. If one of these birds went anywhere near the nest, it was promptly mobbed by the watching bird, but neither my wife nor I could catch so much as a glimpse of its mate. Was it back at the nest? We decided to investigate, and as we got closer to the nest we feared that it had not returned. Our fears were groundless, because the bird was crouching on the eggs as we stood within a few yards of it. I say "it," because I was unable to be certain which bird it was, as I only saw one bird at the nest during the three days I spent in the hide, and this bird, although it left the eggs to feed, never went far, and its mate remained at its point of vantage on a rock farther up the hill.

Next day I went into the hide, and, as on the previous one, it was hotter than I ever remember it in Scotland, and so it remained long after the little greenshanks had left the nest.

The sitting bird took no notice of the hide or the lens, and, although she (shall I call her she?) felt the heat very much, it was nothing to what I felt sweltering in my hide. The glare of the sun was exceptional, and photography far from easy; actually, it was so difficult that I spent most of my time watching the bird on the nest, and her mate silhouetted against the skyline on his look-out. It was then that I noticed the bird's bill was straighter than I had seen it shown in other photographs, but it was not until I made prints that I thought that this bird was abnormal.

All the time I had hoped that the birds would change places at the nest, especially as it was so hot, but, as I have already said, the sitting bird would quietly leave the eggs and feed and drink,



JUST SETTLING DOWN TO BROOD

and then return. I was in a particularly good position to watch this procedure, as the ground sloped away from me, and it was here that the bird always stretched its legs.

On the third day the first chick was out as we arrived, and during the day they all left the shell, and if it had not been for the intense heat I should have had a most enjoyable time watching this charming little family.

All photographers have seen the oldest chicks begin to wander as they grow rapidly stronger, and to those who have not witnessed the intimate family life from a hide I can truthfully say this is a sport which equals, if it does not excel, the thrills to be had with the gun or rod.

The next day I returned, but the greenshanks and their little family had gone, and although I walked some distance down the little stream near by in the direction the birds would take to the lower ground, no excited parent bird appeared. It is incredible how strong these tiny balls of down become in a short time, as within a day or two I saw both old birds on a marsh down by the main river, quite a mile and a half from their nursery.

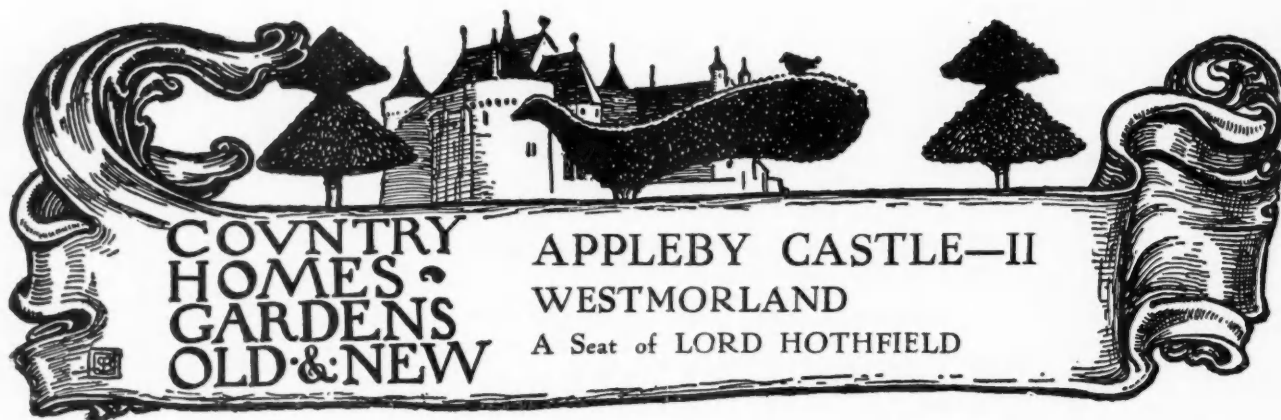
When this article appears, the greenshank will be returning to their nesting places but, thanks to the incredible madness of those in power in Germany, any of us who had planned and hoped to return to watch them will have had our hopes badly shattered. There is one thing for which this world upheaval may be thanked, and that is that the birds in the out of the way places will be free to rear their families undisturbed by those who are collectors of eggs. Lack of petrol (what a curse the invention of the petrol engine has been!) and other duties, will keep them, as others of us interested in ornithology, away from the nesting sites.

The birds will probably benefit by our absence, except that with all the boys away from the Glens—as they were almost without exception in the local Territorials—and only the old men left, the vermin will, in many places get the upper hand.

Let us hope that before long it will be possible again to follow up our observations on the greenshanks, with a world as clear as those skies of last May.



THE STRAIGHT BILL IS PLAINLY SHOWN AS THE BIRD APPROACHES THE EGGS



*Of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, the sea captain, and his daughter, "Lady Anne,"
"the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."*

"IN these three houses of my inheritance, Appleby Castle and Brougham Castle in Westmoreland, and Skipton Castle in Craven, I do more and more fall in love with the contentments of Country Life." So Lady Anne Clifford recorded her satisfaction with the lot which Destiny, in the fullness of time, had assigned to her, after so many years of disappointment, thwarted effort and fruitless struggle. When she entered her inheritance she was close on sixty, she had married and been glad to part with two husbands, but she still had a quarter of a century in front of her of happy, despotic, matriarchal widowhood in which to fill the rôle in life which she was so eminently qualified to play. Mistress of vast estates, owner of five castles by right and a sixth because she liked it, an autocrat (albeit benevolent) over her tenantry, and equally over her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, she gathered up in herself and stabilised, as it were, all the redoubtable qualities of her race, of which she was the last direct representative. Born far enough back in the sixteenth century to remember as a girl the formidable Queen, she lived well on into the reign of Charles II, in which she perpetuated a way of life that was an

anachronism of feudal times. When she died, it was more than a name that she left behind, but rather a personality and a presence, the memory of which even to-day lives among the local people, who all over the old Clifford estates refer to her not by her grand titles, but as Lady Anne.

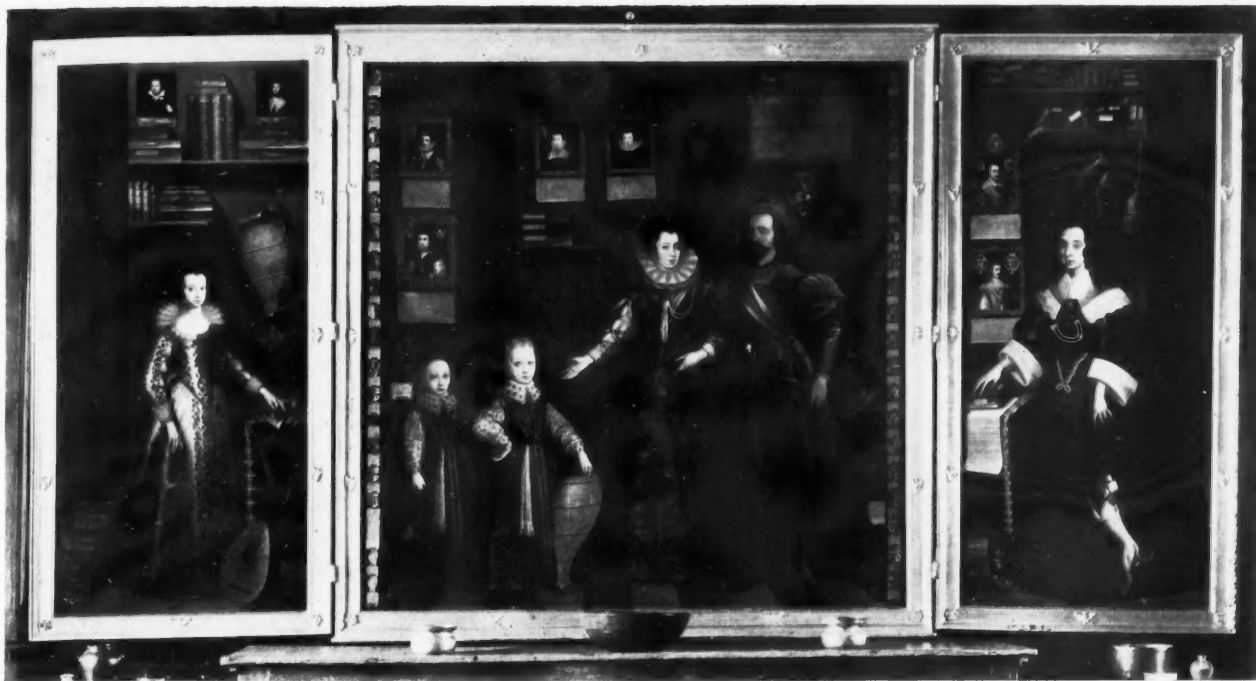
In writing of her one is faced at the outset by an overwhelming mass of material, so methodically did she record not only the history of her family and possessions, but all the daily affairs and details of her own life. Dr. Williamson's biography of her, compiled from her numerous diaries, letters, and account books preserved at Appleby and elsewhere, is a bulky volume of over 500 pages. Her early diary, which is at Knole, has been printed by Miss Sackville-West, who prefaced it with a delightful introduction to the writer. There is almost equally abundant material about her father, George, third Earl of Cumberland, the sea captain, and his numerous voyages. We cannot do better, however, than turn to "the Great Picture" in the hall at Appleby (Fig. 2), in order to introduce her and her parents, for with all its detail and long, minutely written inscriptions it is a history in epitome of their lives, and indeed of the whole Clifford ancestry.



Copyright

1.—THE WEST FRONT OF THE HOUSE (Circa 1686) WITH THE SOUTH END GIVEN A GOTHIC DRESS IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

"Country Life"



2.—"THE GREAT PICTURE" PAINTED FOR LADY ANNE IN 1646 AND DEPICTING HER, HER PARENTS AND TWO BROTHERS

The picture is in the form of a great triptych. The centre panel depicts her parents in the year 1589, with their two little boys, both of whom died young; on the left is Lady Anne herself as a girl of fifteen, and on the right as the stately Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery and Countess Dowager of Dorset. According to an inscription on the shield held by the elder of the boys, the "8 Pictures" in the centre panel—counting the four little portraits representing the Earl's two sisters and the two sisters of his Countess—are copies drawn out of the Originell Pictures, of these Honble Personages, made by them—presumably "to their order"—"about the begening of June,

1589, and weare thus finished by the appointment of Ann Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, in memoriall of them, in 1646." The picture is, in fact, a composition picture, the portraits being done from earlier originals, as is evident from the stiff attitudes and rather unconvincing likenesses. Lady Anne, on the left, is represented as she would have appeared in 1604. As in the right-hand panel no mention is made of her second husband's death, which occurred in 1650, it seems clear that both this later portrait of her and the other were not additions but commissioned at the same time as the centre panel. Sir Lionel Cust suggested that the unknown artist



Copyright

3.—THE GREAT HALL WITH LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PANELLING

"Country Life"



4.—A LETTER WRITTEN BY LADY ANNE WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT

might have been either Jan van Belcamp or Remigius van Lemput, both of whom worked in this country as copyists in the reign of Charles I.

As represented in the picture, the Earl of Cumberland was in his early thirties and by this time high in favour with the Queen, to whom a year before he had brought the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He had already been on two and was about to set out on a third of his long series of voyages on which he cheerfully spent a large part of his fortune. Like Raleigh, Cumberland was by nature an adventurer, with the buccaneer's spirit, but if in the first place his expeditions were undertaken chiefly as speculations, he came in the end to realise, as did few of his contemporaries, the real meaning to England of mastery of the seas, and the possibilities not merely of harassing Spain but of securing from her the trade of the Indies. At his own expense he built, equipped and manned one of the finest ships of the fleet—his *Malice Scourge*—and in his last and most ambitious voyage, in which he seized Porto Rico, only to have to abandon it owing to disease breaking out among his men, his aim was the far-sighted one of establishing a permanent naval base in South America for operations against the Spaniards. The capture of "Portirecoe" finds particular mention in the account of Cumberland in "the Great Picture," as does the voyage of 1589, when he "gayned the strong town of Fiall in the Zorous Islands." With his handsome presence, reckless courage and courtier's mastery of compliment, Cumberland was the type of man to whom the Queen readily succumbed, and in 1592 she made him her Champion in the tilt-yard in succession to the elderly Sir Henry Lee. It is in this guise that he appears in the well known miniature by Nicholas Hilliard belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch (Fig. 5)—a knight who might have stepped straight out of the "Faerie Queene." Under his nodding ostrich plumes, in the forefront of a headgear for which the word "hat" seems an indignity, is the bejewelled glove which his Royal mistress had once dropped and he had sworn to wear evermore as a mark of her favour. A magnificent suit of armour of the Earl's—not that depicted, but another that appears in a miniature by Isaac Oliver—was preserved until a few years ago at the Castle. This, the finest existing Greenwich armour, is now at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The Countess, who was Margaret Russell, daughter of the second Earl of Bedford, had much to put up with from her reckless husband, who, when not privateering at sea, was carrying on an intrigue at Court with a lady whose name his daughter was careful to suppress. In the words of "the Great Picture," Lady Cumberland was "truly religious and virtuous, and indowed with a large share of those 4 morrall virtues—Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance": too large a

share, it is clear, for her mercurial husband. They were reconciled, however, in the end, and the Earl on his deathbed addressed to his "Sweet and dear Meg" a touching letter asking her forgiveness for all the wrongs he had done her. The estrangement that had grown up between them had been intensified by the Earl's financial difficulties incurred as a result of his voyages. He had been compelled to sell some of his lands and to turn to his brother for assistance, and not long before his death, out of gratitude, made him his heir in place of Lady Anne, who would naturally have succeeded to his estates. So began the struggle which for over forty years his daughter, at first with her mother's help so long as she lived, and afterwards alone, carried on with dogged persistence to recover her rights, until with the death of the fourth Earl's son the dispute was settled by the course of Nature.

Lady Anne was born at Skipton in 1590. Her father received tidings of her birth on returning from one of his voyages, at the same time learning of the death of his elder boy. One of the earliest memorials of her is the little girl's letter with its painted border of flowers, written to her father the day after her eighth birthday (Fig. 4). This is still at Appleby. For her tutor Lady Anne had the poet Samuel Daniel, whose tiny portrait is seen above the shelves in the left-hand panel of "the Great Picture," along with that of her governess, Anne Tylour. Daniel's Poems and Chronicle of England appear among the books, which, all having titles clearly legible, tell us what she was brought up on. Besides the Bible, "Epictetus his Manuall," St. Augustine's "City of God" and other works of piety, there are Sidney's "Arcadia," Montaigne, Camden's "Britannia" (for geography), Gerard's "Herbal" (for botany and medicine), and, for lighter reading, Chaucer, Spenser and "Don Quixote." For Spenser she had a special affection; it was she who had erected at her own expense the monument to him in Poet's Corner. Equally interesting is the choice of books shown in the right-hand panel, evidently her favourites in later life. The Bible, one need hardly say, again appears, her hand resting on it; but history and poetry, it is pleasant to find, more than balance the religious works. There are Ben Jonson (but not, alas! Shakespeare), George Herbert, Donne—the Poems as well as the Sermons—Plutarch, Fulke Greville, and, significantly in view of her extensive building operations, Sir Henry Wotton's "Book of Architecture." Lady Cumberland, for all her piety, certainly gave her daughter an unusually liberal education, which



5.—GEORGE CLIFFORD, THIRD EARL OF CUMBERLAND, AS THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION

A miniature by Nicholas Hilliard, reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Buccleuch

stood her in good stead when she came to fight her lonely battle in life against her uncle and two worthless husbands. The affection between mother and daughter was deep and mutual, and with a punctilious regard for time, place and the loved one all together, Lady Anne erected a monument, known to-day as "the Countess's Pillar," on the exact spot near Brougham Castle where, on April 2nd, 1616, she parted with her for the last time.

A large part of Lady Anne's married life was spent in two of the great houses of southern England—at Knole and at Wilton. Her first husband was Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset, who had all her father's extravagance without his brilliance. Some six years after his death, to the astonishment of her friends, she married again, choosing of all men the coarse and contemptible Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke, who has been described as "the most dissolute wastrel" of Charles I's Court. He had, however, one saving grace—his love of art; and it was he who commissioned Inigo Jones to re-build Wilton, where, in the Double Cube Room, Lady Anne incongruously enough appears, as her second hus-

band's second wife, in one of the great Van Dyck canvases. Lord Pembroke died in 1650. Before that, however, a separation had taken place, and, more important, Lady Anne had come into her inheritance.

In her long struggle for her rights Lady Anne had defied not only her family and first husband but King James himself.

The Solomon of the age had taken it upon him to settle the dispute in person. All the parties were willing save Lady Anne, who told him firmly that "I would never part from Westmoreland while I lived upon any condition whatsoever." In the meantime her uncle was enjoying her patrimony, but in 1641 he died, and, two years later, his only son followed him to the grave. She was at last independent, but the Civil War delayed for another six years yet her entry into her kingdom. This period of her life she spent at Baynard's Castle, but by the summer of 1649 things were sufficiently quiet for her to start on her long journey to her own country and people in the north, which she never afterwards left.

She set out from London on the 11th of July, reached Skipton on the 18th, paid a brief visit to Barden, and then on August 8th arrived at Appleby, "the most auntient seat of mine inheritance, and lay in my owne chamber there . . . being the first time I came into Appleby Castle, ever since I went out of it with my deare Mother, the 8th day of August in one thowsand sixe hundred and seven." No doubt, with her love of exactitude and coincidence she had purposely waited for the anniversary day. Soon she went on to Brougham, and then back to Brough and Pendragon. The inspection of her lands and castles over, she embarked on her great work of setting all in order again. When Cromwell heard that she was re-building her castles, he threatened to have them destroyed, only to receive a message from her that as fast as he pulled them down she would build them up again. Like King James, he could not overawe her, and indeed is recorded to have expressed his admiration for the only woman who had ever dared to stand up to him. So all her five castles—Appleby, Brougham, Brough, Skipton, Pendragon—were gradually restored to their pristine state, and the sixth, Barden Tower, which, though she had no right to it, she insisted on occupying as well, was also put into thorough repair. Not only her castles but her estates had to be taken in hand and arrears of rent collected; she let nothing slip through her fingers. And so for a quarter of a century time stood still in Westmorland;



6.—FROM THE GATES OF THE CASTLE, LOOKING DOWN THE TREE-LINED "BOROUGHGATE" OF APPLEBY



7.—LOOKING EAST OVER THE HOUSE FROM THE LEADS OF THE KEEP



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"Country Life"

8.—LADY ANNE'S HOSPITAL AT APPLEBY, BUILT IN 1651-53



9.—THE DINING-ROOM

the Protectorate came and went, and Charles II returned; Lady Anne in the north ruled and regulated the affairs of her little kingdom, driving in her coach over the wild moors from one castle to another, holding a miniature court of her own, almost oblivious of what went on in the outer world—except where her family was concerned. Though all her sons died in infancy, two daughters survived, and the elder, who had become Lady Thanet, had grandchildren years before her mother died. To the end the little old lady remained tirelessly active, ordering the affairs of her household, her family and tenants, who were all her subjects, until one day in March, 1676, at the age of eighty-six, she expired in the same room in Brougham Castle in which her mother had died.

Last week we saw how Lady Anne re-roofed and restored the keep of Appleby. The castle had suffered in the Civil War, having been taken by the Parliamentary forces under General Aston in October, 1648, and then dismantled; but it was not "slighted" as were so many Royalist strongholds. The residential portion of the building at the east end of the bailey was made thoroughly habitable again by Lady Anne. In 1652-53 she built the stables in the outer court; she also erected a barn, a brewhouse and a little building known as Lady Anne's Bee-house, which stands in the park to the north of the house. Appleby, perhaps because it was her chief castle, was also her favourite. But to one so conservative as she was new building for its own sake had little appeal: most of her activities were directed towards repairing, preserving and consolidating; indeed, she anticipated by two centuries the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Not only her own houses, but several Westmorland churches were restored or re-built by her, including the two churches of Appleby. St. Lawrence's contains the fine monument which she erected to her mother in 1617 (Fig. 10). It is an altar tomb of alabaster and black marble with an alabaster effigy of Lady Cumberland in widow's cloak and hood, with metal coronet. The style suggests the hand of the sculptor, Maximilian Colt. Lord Cumberland is buried at Skipton in a tomb also erected by Lady Anne. Her own monument at Appleby, which she had set up during her own lifetime, has no effigy, but displays on twenty-four shields her proud ancestry. Lady Anne's mother had endowed and built an almshouse for poor women at Beamsley, close to Skipton. Following her example, Lady Anne in 1651 founded a similar institution at Appleby for a Mother and twelve sisters. The buildings (Fig. 8) form a plain but pleasant quadrangle on the east side of the Boroughgate.

Lady Anne's elder daughter had married John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, and it was to their issue that the Clifford estates passed after the old lady's death. Four brothers (grandsons of Lady Anne) succeeded one another in rapid succession, but the fourth of them, Thomas, sixth Earl, held the title from 1684 to 1729. He

dismantled Brougham, Brough and Pendragon, and re-built the residential part of Appleby Castle, leaving little more than the outer walls of the mediæval building, so that the L-shaped house (Fig. 7) is principally of his time. He carried out the work in two stages, the first in 1686-88, using materials from Brougham, the second in 1695 with stone from Brough. The wing, at the north end of the main building, is probably the later addition. The principal block, forming the east end of the bailey, has an ashlar front, with broad windows framed with architraves, and an entrance doorway surmounted by a broken and scrolled pediment (Fig. 1). Both this front and the wing are finished with a parapet. The old domestic buildings formerly extended along part of the south side of the bailey, but these have disappeared, and the south end of the principal range, though containing early work, is now finished off in "picturesque" Gothic of the late eighteenth century.

The big hall (Fig. 3), where the Assizes used to be held, is wainscoted with large bolelection-moulded panels; here hangs "the Great Picture" already described. The dining-room (Fig. 9), at the north-east corner of the house, has similar panelling, and on one wall are four ovals depicting Lady Anne's mother and Lady Anne herself as a girl, as Countess of Dorset, and as Countess of Pembroke. Adjoining this room is a late seventeenth-century staircase with massive newel posts and twisted balusters. The kitchen and offices are in the north wing close to the thirteenth-century round tower. A square room at the south-east angle of the building has for centuries been known as the Barons' Chamber. This portion of the building is largely mediæval, except for the eighteenth-century end seen in Fig. 1. On the first floor there is a State Bedroom lined with seventeenth-century tapestry.

The Thanet earldom became extinct with the death of the eleventh Earl in 1849. The Richard Tufton whom he made his heir was created a baronet two years later, and his son and successor in 1881 was raised to the peerage as Lord Hothfield. The present Lord Hothfield, who succeeded his father in 1926, lives chiefly at Hothfield Place, the old Tufton seat in Kent, but the Castle is frequently used by him as a residence, and he is now filling for the third year in succession the office of Mayor of Appleby. If little has been said about the later days of the Castle, it is because the history of the Cliffords, culminating in the reign of Lady Anne, is so crowded with incident; and although the house itself may wear the dress of late Stuart times, and rise out of a landscape park of the eighteenth century, it is as a mediæval fortress guarding the little county town that it chiefly impresses the visitor to-day.

A. S. O.



10.—THE TOMB OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND, LADY ANNE'S MOTHER, IN ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, APPLEBY

From the Historical Monuments Commission's Westmorland volume, reproduced by permission of H.M. Stationery Office.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

DOWN THE DANUBE BY CARGO BOAT, BY HENRY BAERLEIN

IF the Nile is the most famous river of ancient days, one would in later ones give precedence to the Danube. And Mr. Lovett Fielding Edwards, in his *DANUBE STREAM* (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.), takes us into a number of little ports which the passenger vessels as a rule disdain to stop at. But Mr. Edwards, who is, I believe, a professor of English at Belgrade University, had the wisdom to sail in cargo boats, and when he travelled down-stream his ultimate destination was unknown to him. It turned out to be Giurgiu, the not very alluring port of Bucharest, and it is not surprising that Mr. Edwards and his companion preferred the modest amenities of Rustchuk, which is over against it and in Bulgaria. In another book I hope the author will deal with Turtucaia, a most variegated place, with the delights of the Delta and with Valcov whence the rugged Lipovani go in pursuit of sturgeon and the last thing to be rationed would be caviar. Nor do the Lipovani, a Russian sect who abstain from smoking because their persecutor Peter the Great introduced that herb to his country, ration themselves in populating Valcov, and there are dictators who would be glad to see this example of twelve and more children in a house followed in their own demesnes, but caviar is not found everywhere. At least one dictator has been anxiously considering the Danube this past winter; even in spring it can be blocked with great lumps of ice that tumultuously crush against each other as they sweep long. Barges with oil are held up, and as late as April in one year I remember that Prince George, the elder brother of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, compelled his horse to take him from one bank to the other, leaping on to the blocks of ice. In this book a subsidiary voyage is also described, one to the gentler reaches of Novi Sad and Vukovar, where the little, friendly towns are more concerned with their vineyards than with international affairs. However, the mighty gorges that begin beyond the castle of Golubac, a stronghold that in other days could never be taken, are the most splendid feature of the more easterly part, and Mr. Edwards does them justice. One envies him at his post in Belgrade, for in a short time he will be able to travel down to the gorges and behold both lofty banks covered for mile after mile with lilac. It was later in the year when he set out for Giurgiu, and the sun and the flies were often a plague; but the compensations were many. "Hedges are not made for swans," say the Bulgars, and Mr. Edwards found the various languages no obstacle in associating with the crew, male and female, of his boat and with the divers people he encountered on the banks. Let us take at random one of the persons he met, the captain of the *Sibenik*, a stern-wheel steamer trading up the Begej Canal. He was waiting for some goods in the barges that Mr. Edwards's boat was towing. "He had been there since early morning and was getting maudlin, mainly over rabbits. He owned an Angora rabbit farm somewhere on the Tisa and waxed alternately enthusiastic about the profits they brought in and sentimental about their soft, woolly whiteness. Finally he started to sing but, thank Heaven, not about rabbits."

COURAGEOUS LADIES

"Now in 1939," writes Lady Helena Gleichen in her volume of reminiscences, *CONTACTS AND CONTRASTS* (Murray, 12s. 6d.), "comes a new war, when only young people can be of use and old experience counts for nothing." This is the last paragraph in her book and the only which does not ring clear as a bell with courage and cheerfulness; moreover, if she will forgive me for saying so, it is the only thing in it which is not true. From 1915 to 1917, after various adventures in France, Lady Helena and her great friend Mrs. Hollings carried on a hospital X-ray unit at the front with the Italian Army: if ever such a story as theirs, a story of dangers faced, not carelessly but courageously, of wild risks taken, and taken triumphantly, as a matter of duty, could be of use to hearten and sustain all who need heartening and sustaining, it is to-day.

Whether you look on *CONTACTS AND CONTRASTS* as a most brilliant story of adventurous war work, as the reminiscences of a plucky horsewoman who has loved dogs and horses all her life, or as the memoirs of a sincere, gifted and very generous artist, you will not be disappointed. There are things in her war experiences that are unforgettable, as, for instance, this story:

"On our way up to the Carso we passed a mule cart with a man standing up in front of the cart, reins in one hand and stick in the other. The immobility of man and mules attracted our notice, and we stopped to see if anything was the matter. On approaching close we found that both man and mules were dead. The gas must have passed that way some time before and instan-

taneous death had been the result." I myself shall not forget either her dry description of leading the car, by showing a tiny gleam from a torch hidden in her hand, across a bridge without parapets over an inky river on the blackest night.

Turning to another side of the book, Lady Helena's share in arranging the return of Gilbert, the sculptor, to his native country is quite as interesting on its different plane.

It seems almost impossible, as page after page of the later part of her story records with complete unselfconsciousness the details of their foreign Service, that any two women could have stood as these friends did the physical and mental strain to which they willingly subjected themselves; yet it is the same spirit with which they faced the dangers and difficulties encountered in following hounds earlier in the book. One begins to believe that the "Great" war may have been won not in the playing-fields but in the hunting-field. It is fascinating but not surprising to find too, together with all their practical efficiency, a delighted appreciation of character, of scenery and flowers and, rather more unexpected, a quite sincere belief in ghosts coupled with an intermittent gift of seeing them.

A rich and thrilling book and, as I said before, one to stiffen the courage and raise the spirits of every reader. S.



"THE CROOME HOUNDS." A PAINTING BY LADY HELENA GLEICHEN (From "Contacts and Contrasts")

DISAPPOINTED ADVENTURER

Paul Jones has always been rather a mythical character to me, a cross between a pirate and a rebel, who harried English ships during the revolt of the American Colonies in the seventies of the eighteenth century. "George R. Reedy," in her *LIFE OF REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES* (Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.), dispels a number of illusions, and also brings a fascinating character to life. John Paul—he took the name of Jones later from a distant relative in Virginia who had adopted his elder brother—was born in 1747, son of a Scots gardener, a handicap under which he was to labour, for all his naval genius, all his life until the French Revolution, when, with the irony of things, it was too late.

With advancement in the British Navy barred on account of his birth, Paul Jones, after a short and none too savoury career in the slave trade, attached himself to the cause of liberty as represented by the revolting American Colonies—and who can blame him? His subsequent career was one of brilliant promise and constant frustration, culminating with the melancholy comedy of his command of the Russian Black Sea fleet in the service of Catherine the Great. Through no fault of his own, that episode ruined his health and virtually ended his career; and the sea lost a great sailor. When the French Revolution came plans were afoot to give him command of the French fleet, but it was too late. Paul Jones died suddenly in Paris in 1792.

Paul Jones may have had many faults, but he was undoubtedly a brilliant sailor, an honest man, and a faithful lover, with a colourful, dynamic personality—a fitting hero, indeed, for a biography by George Preedy. Author and subject have served each other well.

C. E. G. H.

"OG'S" BIRD SANCTUARIES

A piece of wild ground of one's own is indeed a delectable treasure. The austere title *BIRD RESERVES* (Witherby, 15s.) gives little idea of the contents of this portly volume, which is chiefly concerned with the history of how Mr. E. C. Arnold, a schoolmaster, needing a little recreation, bought a disused brickyard for the sum of £100, and, while his friends were casting round for a suitable lunatic asylum to which he might be retired forthwith, converted it into a place of delight and a sanctuary for wild things. The muddy pond was changed to a water lily-adorned mere, while bushes, shrubs and even trees sprang up on its banks. We are told with amusing frankness of the trials, disappoint-

ments and successes that went to its making. Schoolboy helpers making islands sometimes piled mud on treasured plants, but all was well eventually, and Mr. Arnold was able to make coloured sketches of many a rare bird visitor, nine of which drawings are shown as coloured plates and more as black and white reproductions. The other bird reserves dealt with by Mr. Arnold are the Cuckmere Valley near Eastbourne, where he bought ninety acres of pasture and bog, a woodland area now known by his nickname, so that it becomes "Og's Wood," Rockhouse Fen and Salthouse Broad. Of all these places he has much that is interesting to tell us, yet neither the keen ornithologist nor the learned schoolmaster is allowed to intrude, so the account remains lively and entertaining to the end. F. P.

CHINA FIGHTS

War-time, above all in such conditions of military inequality as China is experiencing, is no background for art. But it is not with art that the wife of China's Generalissimo is concerned in this book; it is with China, her life and death struggle against Japan, the importance of that struggle to the democracies. With *CHINA IN PEACE AND WAR* (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.), Madame Chiang Kai-Shek brings China very near to us; her words are urgent with a terrible necessity, yet always of a high courage and resolution. China, with or without modern arms, will fight on; but it is well for us to realise in what helpless circumstances that fighting often takes place—with Japanese bombers, for instance, raining death at their leisure from the skies, and returning again and again—perforce unopposed—to their adjacent base for more bombs. Contrasting poignantly with the war articles are peace-time travel essays and tales of old China. The author, daughter of a great Chinese family, was educated in America; and it is her steady conviction about China that "our destiny is with the democracies, because our people are inherently democratic in nature and spirit." There are attractive photographs, among others, of the author and of that distinguished patriot and military leader, her husband. V. H. F.

THE NAVY IS HERE

Not a novel, and yet not quite a play either, is Mr. H. V. T. Burton's *VANGUARD* (Methuen, 9s.). But the book does not fall between these two stools; it bridges them. In it Nelson lives again, really lives, and

so does Emma Hamilton. We see them both "as they appeared to the officers and men of His Majesty's Ships. . . . They, and they only, saw them in action and at close quarters. And they still know best." This is no mere super-tale of adventure for boys; the riches of an adult mind are behind it. Nelson and Emma not only live; they grow. And the author is no less happy in depicting the genius of the one than of the other. A picture is created; wise and witty things are said; deep things are felt. Above all, the Navy is here, with all its traditions of high loyalty and reckless self-sacrifice. As a ship's surgeon in this book exclaims, "God, what a Service!—No promotion—no prize money—very little pay, and a complete absence of peace." A Service, in short, fostering all the qualities that, the other day, led the Captain of the *Graf Spee* to salute in his enemy a feat of "incredible audacity." But here "the Nelson touch" is seen as no chance or superficial thing; it is the result not of inspiration, but of "dull, hard work and hard thought . . . the wisdom of experience translated into instant action." Mr. Burton does not shrink taking his story to the bitter end: to England's payment of a debt of honour that left Emma to suffering, debt and death in a French garret. We hope that this book may soon be a play, for it will make a grand one. Characterisation, dialogue, action are all here, and are all capital. V. H. F.

BOOKS EXPECTED

Lord David Cecil has chosen and edited the contents of the next volume in the honourable line of Oxford Books of Verse. This is to be the *BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE*, and the Oxford University Press hopes to publish it in May.

The Oxford University Press have also very nearly ready for publication *LETTERS IN POETRY* to DOROTHY WELLESLEY written by W. B. Yeats, and *THE CORRESPONDENCE* by Robert Bridges and Henry Bradley.

Sir Ronald Storrs is recording the progress of the war in a quarterly chronicle to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson. *THE FIRST QUARTER*, which is on sale now, deals with events since Versailles, the European war preparations, and the first three months of hostilities.

From Messrs. Witherbys are to come soon *THE REMINISCENCES OF LORD GEORGE SCOTT*, who, among many other interesting encounters, was, as a child, introduced to Disraeli.

A new novel by Mr. Michael Sadlier is announced for early May by Messrs. Constable. Its title, *FANNY BY GASLIGHT*, somehow suggests its period and place. The publishers describe it as "a love story of London and under London in the eighteen-seventies."

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

FOOL'S PARADISE

THE coming of spring, bringing with it, as a rule, the gradual hardening and drying of the ground, is particularly welcome to that large class of golfers whose driving grows annually by a few stealthy yards shorter and shorter. As spring turns into summer they may yield to the delusion that this shortness was only an accident of the odious winter and that they are really as long as ever they were. That most of us suffer at least some pangs of wounded vanity in this matter it is hard to deny, and we are ingenious in concealing the truth from ourselves. Our greater difficulty in reaching a particular hole in two is due to the fact that the ground in front of the greens has grown slow and full of worm-casts, or that the tee has been put back, or that the wind is permanently adverse. But there is a hole of a particular type which ruthlessly exposes all our pretences. This is a one-shot hole, whereat the shot is "all carry," with trouble stretching from tee to green, such as, to give just one well known example, the eighth or Hades hole at Sandwich. If we always used to play such a hole with a particular iron and now always have to take a bigger one, the inference is all too painfully plain. There is one such hole in Wales which I have been playing off and on for some forty-eight years and hope to be playing again quite soon. It has witnessed what I may humbly term my rise and fall; at it I have gone through a whole series of emotions. It is a blind hole with a big, sleeper-crowned hill to carry; sand stretches from tee to green, and the hole has been of exactly the same length during its whole career. When I first played it as a boy of fifteen or so I used to take a full-blooded blow with a cleek. That was, of course, in the days of the gutty, and I am assuming a still day. As I grew stronger and longer the cleek was superseded by some kind of mid-iron, and as long as the gutty endured that was the club. With the coming of the rubber core the iron turned into a mashie, and the mashie continued to play the hole for a very long time. Now, however, the mashie can do it no more, unless it has a strong and kindly wind to help it. No. 4 iron is the club to-day, and I must confess that once or twice, when I was last there, the ball mysteriously fell short in the sand even when it seemed to have been reasonably hit. When it was quite cleanly hit all was well, but there was not much margin of error, and a No. 3 would have done no harm, since there is a friendly bank on the left which will stop a ball running too far. If this shortening process goes on, as it inevitably must, I shall soon be getting back to the cleek with which I started. Alas! I possess a cleek no longer; so it will be a No. 2 iron, and then, I suppose, a spoon. And, as I said before, it is of no use my trying to deceive myself, because there is the tee and there is the green, and they have not changed.

"It's all vanity," as Mr. Stiggins once remarked, and this is really a particularly glaring case of it, because so long as one can reach that green with some club, it ought not to matter so

very much which it is. One may hope to halve it in three with lusty youth. Nevertheless, most of us are a little vain in this matter of irons, and I think youth is vainer even than age. How often do we hear in the club-house somebody declaring that he reached a certain green "with a drive and a No. 8"? That braggart really has not so much to be proud of. He has hit just as hard as the Lord will let him with a very much lofted club and sent the ball miles high in the air, when he could have achieved the same end with less exertion and greater certainty with a rather stronger club. To be able to get a long way with a lofted club is sometimes a valuable and enviable gift, but it is not worth exploiting purely for its own sake. This particular form of vanity was less common when golfers did not refer to their clubs, as Mr. Ivor Brown well expressed it the other day, "in terms of a dreary numerology." The player reached the hole "with a drive and an iron," and that was enough. Moreover, the great players of those days had, I think, methods of greater variety: Mr. Hilton would juggle the ball up with his spoon, or Mr. Ball, with his wonderful control, would play some kind of half-cleek shot. The game is simpler and easier now, but those days of fewer clubs and more shots have this lesson for us, that the point is to reach the green and not at all necessarily with the smallest possible club.

I am not trying to say that shortness is not a handicap. I know all too well that it is often a grave one at the longer holes. If we cannot get up at all in the proper number of strokes the crushing nature of our disadvantage is patent; but we suffer sufficiently, even when we can just get up, because we are so much more dependent than we used to be upon getting a friendly lie. So long as we can take a moderately lofted iron, a little hardness or bareness or slopiness of lie ought not to matter so much; but when we have to take a straight-faced iron or a brassy then it matters horribly, and constantly turns our four into a five. If I played golf more often and if I was not too lazy, I should certainly invest in some wooden clubs with shallow faces for playing through the green, and I am sure that all ageing and shortening golfers would be well advised to do so. Their very appearance is so encouraging that we are much more likely to swing them freely and confidently than we do their deeper-faced brothers. A spoon is, of course, a great friend in need through the green, but a good many spoons would be easier to play with if they were rather shallower. However, this is gloomy talk, and it is a more appropriate springtime thought that, however short we may be, the holes will soon be growing shorter. If I get to my Welsh course, as I hope to do in a few days, that short hole will still find me out, but at some of the others I shall, please goodness, get up in two a little more easily or, at any rate, more easily than I did in January. Let us all dwell in a fool's paradise when we can, even though we may shrewdly suspect that it is one.

LEARNING TO FLY INDOORS

THE R.A.F. "VISUAL LINK TRAINER"

Evolved originally for teaching blind flying, the "Link Trainer" is now used by the R.A.F. for giving preliminary instruction to pilots. Seated in a miniature machine, which is mounted to reproduce the conditions of actual flight, the novice "flies" his plane in a circular room, the walls of which are painted with a cyclorama giving the effect of landscape as seen from a height of 1,500-2,000ft.

IN THE COCKPIT OF THE "LINK TRAINER," HERE SEEN BANKING AGAINST THE HORIZON LINE OF THE CYCLORAMA



THE old cyclorama, one of the entertainments which our grandparents were taken to see when they were children, has been resuscitated to serve a war-time purpose. It is used to-day in the new "visual link trainers," in which those learning to become R.A.F. pilots are given preliminary instruction in handling a machine and accustoming themselves to its behaviour in the air.

The "link trainer" was evolved before the war for teaching blind flying. A miniature aeroplane, with shortened wings and tail, but with full-size cockpit and controls, was mounted in such a way that by means of bellows the motions of actual flight could be reproduced as the appropriate controls were handled. A hood was placed over the pilot's head, who then had to "fly" a prescribed course through various air conditions, his actual course being reproduced on a map by means of an ingenious device. To-day the "link trainer" is used as an open machine to give novices preliminary instruction. The illusion of reality is very complete. Turns, dives, climbs can all be performed, and are recorded on the various indicator panels on the dashboard. Air conditions—such as bumps—can also be reproduced. For the blur of the propeller ahead a cellulose disc is substituted. The instructor is in telephonic communication with the pupil, to whom he gives orders and corrects mistakes.

In using the "link trainer" for ordinary flying instruction the difficulty of providing the illusion of being in the air had to be overcome. The cyclorama has supplied the solution. At first an ordinary square room with painted landscapes on the walls was used; the substitution of a circular enclosure with a continuous landscape has given much more realistic conditions. In the first rooms the instructor sat in the room with the pupil, but the provision of an observation panel now makes it possible for him to instruct while remaining outside.

The design and construction of the cycloramas has been in the hands of Mr. Raymond Myerscough-Walker, who has also

supervised the execution of the paintings. As the rooms are set up in existing buildings, a standardised and removable structure has been evolved. Temperature changes and their effect on painting have proved a difficulty, but after various methods had been tried fibrous wood hard-boards on wood framing have been found most satisfactory; for the painting, scenic paint has proved best both for speed and economy.

The modern painter's idea of English landscape is not that which the pilot sees from the air. Quiet in its colours, tones and contours, it is the reverse of a Cézanne, and it has been necessary to forget about French impressionism and post-impressionism and to remember rather the early English water-colourists, by whom the subdued effects of our landscape were so well understood. Realism, therefore, was not to be found in what is often regarded as "realistic handling" by painters and art critics, and throughout æsthetic impulses have had to be bridled. "It is a curious lesson in æsthetics," Mr. Myerscough-Walker writes in describing the work, "to watch an experienced pilot study a painted landscape as seen from the air, and to find invariably that he knows that this is not the sort of landscape that he sees when actually flying."

The paintings have been designed to give the effect of flying at a height of 1,500-2,000ft., the horizon level being 6ft. 8ins. from the floor. Two or three designs have been used, and four different effects are produced: the sunny landscape with clear horizon; the mountain landscape with the level horizon lost; the town with its pall of smoke obscuring the horizon; and mist over the sea when visibility is nil. One of the photographs reproduced shows an industrial seaport seen from over the tail of the machine; another a mountain landscape in an ideal country, singularly free from "undesirable development," and with a river and bridge in the foreground. The paintings have been executed by Ferdinand Bellan, Edward Carrick, Edward Delaney, Alec Johnstone and Ian White.



A MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE WITH THE HORIZON LOST. An instructor giving directions by telephone



AN INDUSTRIAL PORT SEEN OVER THE TAIL OF THE MACHINE

A HOUSE IN REGENT'S PARK

The Hon. Mrs. Peter
Pleydell-Bouverie's
home, Holme House

1.—(Right) THE ENTRANCE HALL AND
STAIRCASE

2.—(Below) REGENCY FURNITURE AND
CURTAINS IN THE WHITE AND GOLD
BALLROOM

3.—(Bottom) THE EMPIRE DINING-ROOM.
THE WALLS ARE HUNG WITH FLUTED
WHITE SILK, AND INGENUOUS USE IS
MADE OF MIRRORS



HOLME HOUSE was built a hundred and twenty years ago for James Burton, the builder of so much of Regency London, by his son Decimus. Outside it is still essentially as he left it, except that, as described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 28th last, Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie has brought into being beside the lake an enchanting garden since she has lived here.

Inside, a great deal was also done in the year before the war, making of Holme House one of the most attractive examples of contemporary interior decoration. Yet it can be said that nothing has been introduced that is out of tune with the original style of the house. Simple backgrounds form the setting for well chosen pieces of late eighteenth-century and Regency furniture, while in some of the rooms, notably the *Empire* dining-room, there is a French flavour such as seasoned not a little of the decorative work of our early nineteenth-century architects. At the same time, contemporary taste—in fabrics and some interesting examples of modern painting—also finds an appropriate place. For the interior decoration M. Boudin of the Paris firm of Jansen acted as Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie's adviser. The architect responsible for the structural alterations was Mr. Paul Phipps.

Fig. 1 shows the entrance hall, in which the walls and carpeting are kept plain to serve as background to generous flower arrangements and to some amusing figures of negro boys. In the centre of the west front, with a broad bow window looking out over the terrace to the lake, is the



4.—THE DRAWING-ROOM

Neutral shades form a subdued background for the furniture, old Chinese wallpaper and massed flower arrangements, in this case speciosum lilies, in harmony with the room's character. Romney hangs over the fireplace.



5.—A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM

A collection of pink jade is displayed below the delicate, almost monochrome buffs and pale greens of the Chinese wallpaper.

6.—THE MORNING ROOM, A STUDY IN GREY AND BLACK

The various shades of grey in the walls, carpet and fabrics are relieved by deep tomato red velvet for the cushions. Over the Adam fireplace hangs a glass painting by Drian.





drawing-room (Fig. 4), the decoration of which is in neutral shades, giving full value to two sections of an exquisite old Chinese wall-paper which lines the side walls. The gilt furniture, which includes a set of Hepplewhite wheel-back chairs and settee, and a marble top side-table, set out with rare pieces of pink jade (Fig. 5), is also well set off by the parchment walls and off-white rugs, and notable use is again made of massed flower arrangements.

The dining-room (Fig. 3), which opens off the drawing-room on the north, is an essay by M. Boudin in the *Empire* manner, and a delightfully successful one, too. It is predominantly a white and gold room, with a rich plum carpet having a neat powdered design. Much use is made of mirrors—over the fireplace, on the doors, and in narrow glass strips trellised between pilasters at



7 and 8.—THE LIBRARY IN A COLOUR SCHEME OF PALE BLUE AND DULL SILVER WITH WHITE MARBLE FIRE-PLACES

Heaped yellow allamanda in flat flower containers

the end opposite the windows. The white and gold chairs maintain the character of the room, as does the marble sideboard shelf supported by Egyptian terms. In the morning room (Fig. 6) we revert to a simple *décor*, this time in tones of grey, offset by a deep tomato red tone used for the velvet cushions.

In the long library (Fig. 8), which has been formed out of two rooms, the colour scheme is of pale blue and dull silver. The double doors on the far side open into the ballroom, which is accommodated in a single-storey wing projecting from the south end of the house. A great cut-glass chandelier holds the centre of a white and gold room, with gilt Regency furniture, carved trophies of musical instruments, and white satin curtains fringed and tasselled in gold (Fig. 2).

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEANS

IN the constant emphasis laid on the production of home-grown foods there is a danger of concentrating solely on a few of our main agricultural products with, in the case of the potato, a chance of actual over-production. A few voices have been heard in the wilderness advocating the cultivation of beans, but most of these voices have been those of horticulturists speaking to gardeners.

From the point of view of bulk cultivation for human consumption in the British Isles beans may be divided into two groups, broad beans and kidney beans. The Lima bean of commerce is a tropical product and is not hardy, while the field cultivation of the runner bean is not a commercial proposition.

Beans of the broad bean and Windsor bean group have been field grown for generations for use as cattle fodder, but, owing to the general taste among our human population for a young bean before it is mature and its consistency has turned floury, its field cultivation for human consumption has rarely been undertaken. It is as well to point out that its protein content increases rapidly as the bean ripens, with a consequent enlarged food value. If our tastes could so alter as to like a fully ripened (but not necessarily dried) bean, the short season inseparable from a baby bean could be much lengthened; but we should have to learn to eat it in a purée like mashed potatoes or as a thick soup. If our tastes could alter, the question of harvesting would not be a matter of such immediate urgency.

Since the introduction of the kidney bean to cultivation about three and a half centuries ago, the evolution of improved varieties has moved along two lines: one, the production of the stringless pod, what we know as the French bean; secondly, the production of the haricot bean of commerce. The first has come to perfection in this country, the second on the Continent and in North America.

It is obvious that the French bean has a short season. It will not keep in condition unless it is canned or bottled, or preserved in brine, not an entirely satisfactory process. The kidney bean, however, which is grown for the bean, has many advantages. It can be harvested half-ripe, in the form the French call "flageolets" and which keep well for several weeks. Fully ripe, in the form of haricot beans, they will keep indefinitely under dry conditions. Thus the period of harvesting, instead of being a matter of urgency as in the case of the French bean, can be prolonged, a great point in its favour when labour on the land is so scarce. In addition, all bean crops are beneficial to the soil.

The lack of demand in this country for dried beans is undoubtedly due to the canned product which is already cooked. No one can argue that the latter is not much simpler to prepare than the former, which must be soaked over-night and then cooked for at least an hour and a half. It is unfortunate that the variety best suited to canning is not satisfactory in cultivation, at least in the northern half of the British Isles. Two years ago Messrs. Heinz, realising that the source of supply of their beans lay overseas (I believe the main areas are in that part of the Danube Valley that lies in Hungary, and in Canada, both areas with a very hot summer), distributed some of the seed for trial. This seed was sown both in farm and garden in the Carse of Gowrie and in Angus, both areas with nearly the maximum amount of sunshine in Scotland. Germination was excellent, and the plants grew well, at least under garden conditions, but pods formed late, did not fill well, and remained no more than half ripe. It was obvious that the sun-heat was insufficient. I do not know whether they have been tested in the south of England with its stronger sun-heat.

Other haricots have proved successful even so far north as Angus under garden conditions, including such varieties as Brown Dutch and Comtesse de Chambord. But very little seed of these haricots is produced in this country. Meanwhile the Dutch Government has forbidden the export of Brown Dutch seed, realising the importance of conserving such an excellent and concentrated form of nourishment. Seed of other varieties seems to be difficult if not impossible to get, at least in bulk.

Tests have been made of the value of our own varieties of French beans, grown for beans and not for pods. In some cases the results have been favourable, but the crop cannot be so large as in those varieties where the production of the bean is paramount in importance.

Possibly it is too late to arrange for the importation of haricot beans in sufficient quantity to make any sustained effort of bulk sowing this year, but the Ministry of Agriculture should keep this in mind for the future. As a field crop, at least in the southern half of the British Isles, it would supply a food product that has the highest protein content of any vegetable. Above all, the bulk production of haricots in this country would relieve the necessity of supplying shipping for the canned product, which, apparently, must be grown abroad, whether it is canned overseas or in this country.

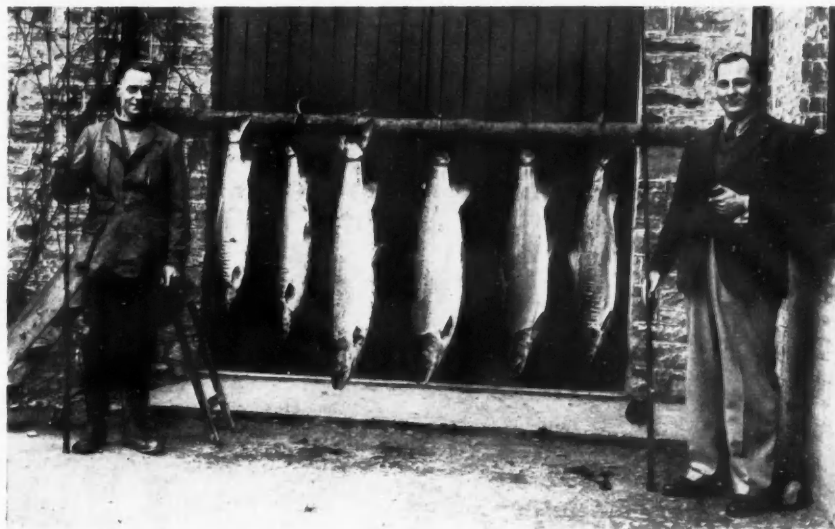
E. H. M. Cox.

CORRESPONDENCE

WYE SALMON

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Some fine catches of salmon have been made on the River Wye this spring. Mr. G. E. Thwaites of Holdfast Manor, Upton-on-Severn, recently landed a 36-pounder when fishing in the Dan-y-Coed waters at Builth Wells. This was a record for this season's fishing on the Upper Wye. On the same day he caught three other fish weighing 20lb., 19lb. and 21lb. Fishing in the Llan-Thomas waters, near Glasbury, Mr. W. Gordon Whittall and Mr. John A. Whittall of Birmingham had equal reason to be proud of their achievement. They are seen in the photograph with their catch of six. The weights, reading from left to right, are 16lb., 20lb., 35lb., 38lb., 30lb. and 20lb. Total 159lb.—P. B. A.



A FINE CATCH OF SPRING SALMON FROM THE WYE

EARLY ARRIVALS OF BIRD MIGRANTS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—There is one thing war cannot take away from the countryman—the knowledge of spring; it can prevent the homing of those hundreds of thousands of small birds who have wintered in southern Europe and Africa. However great or small may be our particular knowledge of birds, their migration still challenges that knowledge, and where there is mystery there is perennial fascination. This year the homing of these "summer" migrants has been exceptionally early: earlier, indeed, in two instances than ever before in the British Isles since records were published. The chiff-chaff appeared in North Devon on March 10th, but in South Wales on the 7th; the wheatear in North Devon on the 20th, but in South Wales on the 3rd, and Lundy on the 4th; the swallow in North Devon on the 20th; the willow warbler in North Devon on the 22nd, but on Lundy on the 4th; the cuckoo on Lundy on the 5th and Exmoor on the 19th. These dates of arrival seem, of course, quite ridiculous to anyone accustomed to migration from the home counties northwards. In Hertfordshire one expected to see the first chiff-chaff about March 20th, the wheatear a day or two later, the swallow not perhaps before the middle of April, the willow warbler a little earlier, and the cuckoo a little later. This year the willow warbler was *thirty-six days* earlier on Lundy than last year, and actually there is no previous record of a willow warbler earlier than the 9th (Scilly Isles) and 10th (Devon), nor of a cuckoo earlier than the 10th (Devon, Wilts) and 15th (Sussex). Last year no cuckoo appeared on Lundy until April 23rd. The phenomenon of these early arrivals is all the more astonishing, following as it does the hardest winter over Europe generally since migrant records were first kept. The crux of the matter is *where* these early migrants spent the winter, for the provocation that sets the migratory impulse in motion is the re-growth of the bird's gonads, with the attendant reproductive urges and desire to seek a nesting territory. A hard winter would retard this re-growth. But all these species, except the chiff-chaff, whose arrival was quite

normal, winter in tropical Africa or farther south, and so would have escaped the retarding effects of the exceptionally hard weather. On the other hand, they must have continued to travel north through Europe during the intensely cold spells in February and early March, so that we are not much further forward in our attempts to throw light on the migratory mechanism.—RICHARD PERRY.

"RECIPES FOR ROOK PIES"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I saw that in these pages recently you asked for a receipt for rook pie, and there was a good one given. May I ask you to soak the rooks' breasts in milk overnight and try them in a casserole with any vegetables you fancy? —EDW. SQUIRE.

"FOLKS AND BLOKES"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—About a year ago I expressed a wish that your readers should find COUNTRY LIFE as well informed about folk-dance as it generally is about other desirable heirlooms, and a week ago you published, and commented on, a picture of the "beautifully decorated clothes" of dancers at Thaxted.

Now I fear the M.C. on that occasion cannot have observed "the chiel taking notes," for I regret to say the ubiquitous Press cameraman apparently records two morris-men country-dancing in *bells*, a proceeding which, however charming the partner and however Bank Holiday the occasion, is as heinous an offence to the purist as, to a gourmet, would be the simultaneous consumption of vintage port and an orange. Country dance can be and is danced "anywhere and anywhen,"

but the morris, like any other ritual and ceremonial, has its own particular vestments, a fact of which Thaxted, of all places, should be especially aware.

To country-dance in baldrics is, in emergency, perhaps permissible, to do so in bells (everywhere in Europe the distinguishing symbol of the morris) proclaims the occasion neither "folk" nor "bloke," but mere *joie de vivre*. In any case, the camera-man has unwittingly got his "news." Cecil Sharp would have appreciated the half-amused, half-horrified expression on the faces of the children in the picture.

As regards your editorial comment, he would have pointed out that "Blue-eyed Stranger" is not a song but a dance, and that a folk-song is "for all time," that "Old soldiers never die" is a modern instance, and I think he would have agreed with me that the chantes (e.g., "A-roving," "Drunken Sailor" and others) would, with contemporary improvised words, make obviously admirable marching tunes, as also would the songs "Keys of Canterbury," "Roman Soldiers," "The Three Sons," "This Old Man," and scores of others; and that the "sword" tunes, the morris processions, and dozens of dance tunes (e.g., "Piper's Fancy," "Newcastle," "Green-sleeves") *whistled* on the march, make any battalion "walk on air." But then he knew his soldiers. Did not more than half of his first demonstration team die for their country in 1916? And he knew his "Bloke," and the Bloke, who knew, and loved, him would have put "the crooner, the Wurliizer," and other precious products of publicity, where they belong.

We know what musicians think of our tunes; now ask the soldier. After all, it is he who matters at the moment. To deny to the Briton the tunes made by the Briton for the Briton is characteristically English proceeding, but "you cannot fool all the people all the time." It is weary waiting for the dawn, but it will come.—M. A. OXON.

BROUGHTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—We wish to correct a statement made in reference to ourselves in the article on Broughton Hall, Staffordshire, in COUNTRY LIFE of April 6th. While at one time or another we made sketch drawings for certain works, none of which appears in the photographs you reproduce, the whole of the working drawings and details for the additions and alterations were prepared by Mr. Hall's estate agent, under whose direction the work was carried out.—WILLIAM AND SEGAR OWEN.

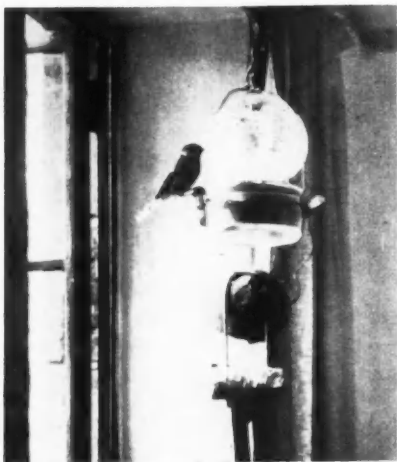
"CHELTENHAM AT SHREWSBURY"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As a pendant to your article "Cheltenham at Shrewsbury," you may like to reproduce this photograph recording Cheltenham's departure after their two terms as Shrewsbury's guests. The boys are loading their belongings into a railway container at the end of term ready for return to Gloucestershire. The Cheltenham "colleger," it will be noted, makes a useful headboard that might be profitably employed by Covent Garden porters.—A. E. R.



CHELTENHAM GOING HOME



"JUST FLOWN IN FOR A MEAL"

AN INDOOR BIRD TABLE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The protracted winter and regular feeding made our wild birds very bold. Great tits, cole tits and a marsh tit would come in through the window and feed from the glass seed-hopper which is hung from a curtain-rail. The photograph shows a great tit, which had just flown in for a meal. The hopper, by the way, is made by inverting a gold-fish bowl in a tongue glass. When filled with hemp seed it will last nearly a week.—JOHN H. VICKERS.

A FISH'S FANGS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The catching of fish is an occupation which is both vital and entrancing. In India and many other places fish constitutes the main item of diet, while in most countries the catching of fish also figures as an important sport. But outside the category of large-sized deep sea fish it is not usual for fishermen constantly to be up against poisonous catches. But this is their fate in some parts of the rich blue seas off the coasts of South Africa.

There is a fish called "snoek" (pronounced *snook*) which is capable of crippling a human being by its bite. When the net is drawn in and there are several snoek the fishermen know they must look after themselves. Snoek must be handled with the same care as snakes, and the men usually slip their hands up behind the gills, and by a deft movement hold the fish firmly between the body and the left elbow while they choke the catch by pressing in the gills with the fingers of the right hand. Sometimes it may be necessary to strike the snoek sharply and strongly on the head. If perchance the unwily fisherman mishandles the snoek and it can get in a rapid

bite, the poison may even wither up the flesh, and the man may well be left permanently injured.

Snoek provide cheap food for many of Cape Town's poorer coloured inhabitants, and large fish weighing up to fourteen pounds often go for as little as sixpence each. The poor people buy up numbers of these fish during the winter months and, after drying them, store them against the day when they may run short of food.—MIZO.

THE BLACK-OUT IN SHERBORNE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Many methods have been adopted by local authorities to protect buildings and persons in the black-out. How the council of Sherborne in Dorset overcame this problem



THE SOUTH AFRICAN SNOEK AND ITS POISONOUS FANGS



ERMONES, ON THE WEST COAST OF CORFU, WHERE THE SHIP-WRECKED ODYSSEUS CHANCED UPON NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS



ANTI-BLACK-EYE PRECAUTIONS ON SHERBORNE CONDUIT

may interest your readers. The mediæval conduit presented a problem, as it stands on the parade and is passed through daily by everyone using the main street. However, the Fire Brigade came to the rescue by supplying short lengths of used hose. These have been hung around each pillar and are joined with stout cord. A liberal application of white paint enables the pillars to be easily seen in the dark. These white bands are certainly an eyesore by day, but they are preferable to a black eye or bruised limb at night.—W. J. GILLARD.

ODYSSEUS AND NAUSICAA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—There have been so many accounts recently of shipwrecked mariners being washed up alive on land that it is interesting to remember one of the most famous of such incidents in literature—that in the fifth and sixth books of the *Odyssey*. Odysseus, choked with salt water, fights his way to land at the point where a stream of fresh water runs out into the sea. Here he falls asleep in the bushes, naked and exhausted, and is only awakened by the laughter and cries of Nausicaa and her maidens as they play ball on the sands while their washing dries. There follows the delightful encounter between the very young princess and the fearsome-looking, battered and naked prince.

The French archæologist, Bérard, who studied *Odysseus'* travels closely, considered that the famous beach was that of Ermones on the west coast of Corfu. As my photographs show, one can still trace "the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from be reath and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean." It can be questioned whether Homer, blind or not, ever had some special place in mind; but Ermones certainly fits his description remarkably well.—CATHERINE HARRISON.



THE CUP HORSES OF 1940

ATOUT MAITRE, FOX CUB AND HUNTER'S MOON

THOUGH the presence of Blue Peter, who is now making his first season as a stallion, at Mentmore, will be missed, there is an ample sufficiency of material from among the older horses and from those who ran as three year olds last season to make the long-distance races for the Cups as interesting as ever. In the latter category two four year olds who at once come to mind are Atout Maitre and Fox Cub, who reside within a mile or so of one another at Beckhampton. Atout Maitre, who belongs to and is trained by Mr. Herbert Blagrove, a son of the late Lady Edward Somerset, was bred in France by M. L. Volterra and, like Bois Roussel, who emanated from the same nursery, is by the French Two Thousand Guineas winner, Vatout, and further resembles Mr. Peter Beatty's Derby winner in being inbred to St. Simon, a horse whose tail-male line was practically extinct in this country but which now, through the sons of Vatout, has a chance to revive. On the other side of his pedigree Atout Maitre belongs to the No. 4 Bruce Lowe family, which reaches him through his dam, Royal Mistress, a daughter of the famous sire, Teddy, out of Tout Paris, a half-sister to the British Dominion Two Year Old Race winner, Balnacoll, by St. Frusquin, who was bred at Sledmere, sold to Lord Michelham for 3,500gs. as a yearling, and, after running twice unsuccessfully as a youngster, was exported to France. Last season Atout Maitre came to hand slowly, but improved every time he ran, and showed his real worth when he truly slammed a field of seventeen in the Gold Vase at Ascot, and then went on readily to annex the St. Leger Trial Stakes at Gatwick. These performances made his owner and others regard his chances of beating Blue Peter in the St. Leger with favour, but that race did not take place, and the last that was seen of him was at Newbury in October, when he put paid to the pretensions of Fairchance, Fox Cub and eight others in the White Horse Plate. That was the first time that Fox Cub, who had won a small race at Chepstow early in the season, had appeared upon a racecourse since running-up to Blue Peter in the Derby, and the chances are that he needed the race and would have been closer to Atout Maitre had he had one. A beautifully moulded, almost flash, chestnut with a great deal of white about him, he is under the care of Mr. Fred Darling at Beckhampton, and belongs to Mr. Edward Esmond, who bred him in France. Actually, the place of his birth is about the only thing foreign about him, as his sire Foxhunter, also a rather bright chestnut, who won the Doncaster Cup of 1932 and the Ascot Gold Cup the following year, is a three-parts brother to the dual Ascot Gold Cup winner, Trimdon, by the Ascot Gold Cup victor, Foxlaw. Foxhunter was bred by the late Viscount St. Davids, and was purchased by Mr. Esmond for 2,700gs. as a yearling. Fox Cub's dam, Dorina, who won the French Oaks of 1926, has a line of French blood through her sire La Farina, who was by the Grand Prix de Paris winner, Sans Souci II, but her dam, Dora Agnes, was bred by Mr. J. Deuchar in Northumberland and, after being sold privately to Mr. C. M. Prior, was auctioned again in 1920 and sold to go to France, for 1,450gs. These two rather stand out as "Cup horses" from among the four year olds, and obviously—since Fox Cub has four winners of the Ascot Gold Cup and the sires of three more in the top half of his four-generation pedigree—have been bred for stamina of the highest order.

Another four year old to note, but one about whom there is less known in this country, is Hunter's Moon IV, who came over from France to take the White Rose Stakes at Hurst Park last May, and has now been sent back here again to race this season. Like Fox Cub, owned by Mr. Esmond, trained by Mr. Fred Darling, and by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Foxhunter, he comes of one of the most distinguished and at the same time romantic French lineages of recent years. His third dam, Seashell, was bred by the late Duke of Westminster, was by Orme from Rydal Fell, a daughter of Ladas, and, after winning a small maiden race as a two year old at Wolverhampton in 1910, was knocked down at the Newmarket First Spring Sales of 1911 to Mr. R. C. Thompson for 860gs. For this gentleman she bred several foals but no winners, and at a sale held at Newmarket in the January of 1917 she was again in the ring and fell to the one and only bid of 5gs., made by Mr. E. C. Ashby. Mated with the Column Produce Stakes and Jockey Club Stakes winner, Phaleron, Seashell bred Pearl Maiden, who never ran, but, after passing through the hands of Mr. Sidebottom and Mr. Harvey Leader, was sold at the December Sales of 1925, carrying a foal by Rocksavage, to Mr. Esmond for 1,000gs., and exported to France. What happened to the foal by Rocksavage, if there was one, is of no importance; the fact that matters is that in France Pearl Maiden bred the winners of twenty-two races carrying 413,114fr. and had the almost, if not quite, unique distinction of being returned as the dam of three classic winners in the French One Thousand Guineas and Oaks victrix, Pearl Cap, the French One Thousand Guineas heroine, Bipearl, and the French Derby winner, Pearlweed, who now stands under the management of Major Keylock at the Brickfields Stud in Newmarket. In addition to these, Pearl Maiden to Bruleur, the sire of four French Derby winners, bred Pearl Opal, the dam of Hunter's Moon.

Beyond these three it is difficult to visualise any of the more prominent of last season's three year olds finding a sufficiency of staying power to last out over the longer Cup distances. There are, however, possibilities in Casanova (a little-run son of Hyperion who, like the Ascot Gold Cup winner Precipitation, is from the Cambridgeshire winner Double Life) and in Brocanteur, who is by Foxhunter from the Cesarewitch winner Bracket, but it seems that the trio discussed above will form the major opposition to the older horses the best of whom will be Flyon, Challenge and Finis.

Though it is easy to over-estimate the value of Flyon's victory in last year's Ascot Gold Cup, there is no disputing the fact that he stays for ever, as he should on pedigree. Bred and owned by Lord Milford and trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis, he is a son of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Flamingo, who in turn was a son of the Goodwood and Doncaster Cup victor, Flamboyant, who, like the Cesarewitch heroine, Bracket, was from Simonath, the grandam of Papyrus and Bold Archer, and on the other side comes from Acquit, a Hurry On mare who was bred at Sledmere. He was bought by Lord Milford—then Sir Laurence Philipps—for 3,000gs. as a yearling, and came from Curia, she by the Derby winner, Cicero, from the immortal mare, Sceptre. Belonging to the same owner and also an inmate of the Park Lodge stable, Challenge is by the Italian Derby winner, Apelle, and, like the Ascot Gold Vase and Goodwood Cup winner, Fearless Fox, is from Molly Adare, a granddaughter of Pretty Polly, who was bought by Lord Milford when carrying him for 1,000gs. Finis makes a rather apt ending to this article. Owned by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen and trained by Captain O. M. D. Bell at Lambourn, he claims the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby winner, Cameronian, as his sire; his dam, Felkington, is also the dam of the Derby winner, Felstead.

ROYSTON.

A RURAL MONOPOLIST

IN other autumns, summer visitors leave our villages with the swallows, asking us compassionately: "Whatever do you do here in the winter?"

This year, their towns being danger-zones, some of them are perforce discovering. We residents treat them almost too kindly—spoil them, in fact—all but Mrs. Hornshaw; she, supreme as Hitler in her own small sphere, truckles to nobody.

The townsman, wanting his accustomed morning paper and early tea together, and an occasional late edition, finds that want, in the excellent nursery phrase, must be his master. Can he buy a paper elsewhere? No. Mrs. Hornshaw, like Stanley Holloway's Old Sam, has "t' monopoly." He goes, fuming, to order it, and inevitably finds her out; indeed, she is in so seldom that one wonders when she cooks and sweeps.

If he lodges at "t' Top End" his best plan is to have his paper posted, supposing he wants it before mid-day. For half way up the village lives Mrs. Kirk, whose son married Miss Hornshaw. Mrs. Hornshaw, whose work begins early, stops here for a cup of tea and a chat; all who live or lodge above this level must wait for their papers until this little pause is over. The large canvas satchel of papers lies on the green outside, tempting desperadoes to help themselves; but Mrs. Hornshaw's Rip sees to that. He is now a very old dog, grey-muzzled, stiff and fat, past the fights that once enlivened his mistress's rounds; but he does his job here thoroughly, casting dirty looks at innocent pedestrians and uttering hoarse threatening barks. I, for one, should be sorry to touch that satchel; like his mistress, Rip is deaf to all blandishments.

To imagine Mrs. Hornshaw without Rip is as impossible as to fancy the village without Mrs. Hornshaw in her shapeless woolly cap, old coat and the heavy gum-boots in which she is so surprisingly light on her feet. She is a handsome old lady, almost beautiful indeed, despite her unbecoming clothes, always cheerful, and only "awkward" when "crossed." How should we ever awaken without her perambulator-wheels rattling past to meet the mail punctually at seven every morning?

Mrs. Hornshaw calls herself, and truly, a "doofer at bills." Regular customers, despairing, are driven to making out and sending themselves their own; and a receipt, despite persistent reminders, is only obtained (with difficulty) when the next is due. One resident tells how, after long delay, her bill arrived too small. When tackled, Mrs. Hornshaw replied shamefacedly that she knew, "bud it seemed sooch a lot." So much for Yorkshire's reputed keenness after "brass"!

No, the village would never seem itself without Mrs. Hornshaw; she is as much part of the landscape as Beacon Howe, and I should miss her just as much if she were removed.

But then, admittedly, I am lucky; I live near the station, on the perambulator's homeward track—so that I do get my paper with my morning tea, like any townsman. MARIA.

THE ESTATE MARKET

CASTLE HOWARD AS A SCHOOL

CASTLE HOWARD is to be used for a while as a school. The following announcement has been made: "Castle Howard has been let, for the duration of the war, to the Woodard Society (Northern Division) for the Queen Margaret's School, Scarborough. That the educational use of the seat has been found practicable in these times is a matter of gratification to the trustees of the late Mr. Geoffrey Howard's estate and to Mr. Geoffrey Howard's children."

The North Riding stronghold, the Castle of Henderskelfe, covered the site of Castle Howard, and was described by Leland in his "Itineraries" as "a faire Quadrant of stone, having 4 toures buildid castelle like, but it is no ample thing." From the Greystokes the estate devolved through heiresses to the Dacres (1507) and, seventy years later, to the Howards. The old castle was destroyed by fire.

Castle Howard, though not completed in accordance with Vanbrugh's designs, is one of his finest conceptions, and is second only to Blenheim in size. The magnificence of its design and ornamentation are well displayed in the articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. LXI, pages 884, 948 and 1022); other articles have described the portraits and pictures (Vol. LXI, pages 1005 and 1043); and in Vol. LXII, pages 200 and 230, the outworks of the Castle were described.

The designing of Castle Howard occupied Vanbrugh's attention through the greater part of his architectural career. He was at work on it in 1699, and in 1726, a fortnight before his death, he was writing to someone with instructions about details. Vanbrugh, who had started his career as a soldier, was known to his contemporaries as a wit and a playwright when Lord Carlisle engaged him to design Castle Howard, which remains an extraordinary performance for an amateur embarking on his first architectural work. Among his assistants Vanbrugh had the invaluable practical help of Hawksmoor.

Castle Howard has a total length of 660ft. The central block has an entrance to a great hall 34ft. square, which is surmounted by a dome, and has staircases flanking it. The saloon, on the central axis of the structure, faces the garden, and has on each side of it the chief apartments. The two projecting wings contain on one side the chapel and on the other the kitchen, and what are called



ROSINGS FARM, NEAR HORSHAM

"the hunting apartments," and outside each wing is a large court, the stable court on one side and the kitchen court on the other. It is said that "Castle Howard is a palace rather than a private mansion." But Blenheim was on an even vaster scale, actually 850ft. in length. According to a manuscript account of the work at Castle Howard, kept by the Earl of Carlisle, the "total disbursed in my buildings, gardens, plantations and outworks to Midsummer 1737" was £78,240 2s. 10d. The plan, never fully realised, of Castle Howard, as the joint work of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor, was inserted in Vol. I of *Vitruvius Britannicus* (1717).

Mr. A. Martin French and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley were the agents introducing the School as tenants.

A LEAD FROM THE BIG INVESTORS

OVER and over again in the Estate Market page of *COUNTRY LIFE* the point has been made that the investor cannot do better than watch the policy of the great corporations, such as the Universities, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the insurance companies, for inspiration as to a sound line to take with any money he wishes to lay out. Only lately, however, have the insurance companies been openly and conspicuously investing their funds in agricultural land. The latest and most notable instance of such a departure is that to which Sir Edgar Horne referred in his speech as Chairman of the Prudential Assurance Company. Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (of Messrs. Bidwell and Sons), acting for the Company, recently bought the Foremark estate, near Derby, the agents for the owners being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons. The estate extends to 5,117 acres, and its

purchase was, of course, one of the chief transactions in such property for a very long while. Sir Edgar Horne said: "An innovation in our investments is the purchase of a large agricultural estate in the Midlands. Although very small in relation to our total funds, this extension of the field of our purchases of real property is interesting in view of present world conditions." Even so it is a substantial addition to the enormous sum represented by English real estate in the aggregate assets of the Company, which exceed £354,455,855. The moral of the transaction gains force if we remember that Sir Edgar Horne has a personal knowledge of farming, for at Hall Place, his Surrey seat, now for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, he has carried out valuable experiments in improved methods of cultivation and in the preparation of feeding-stuffs for stock.

Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff have recently sold the Maidwell estate in Northamptonshire extending to 960 acres, and comprising five farms, some small holdings, and fox coverts including the noted Scotland Wood. The estate has been sold for investment, to clients of Messrs. Frank Newman and Sons.

FINELY RESTORED OLD HOUSES

ROSINGS FARM, Coolham, near Horsham, is something more than a comfortable old house, for to excellent modernisation residentially is added provision for a variety of amusements, such as a bowling alley. That delightful room forms also one of the best of billiard rooms, perfectly lighted and with an enviable amplitude of space for games. Originality is seen in the decoration of the reception-rooms, and the twelve bedrooms have five bathrooms. A "guest cottage" provides extra accommodation for those who are fortunate enough to be invited to the farm, which is a real farm, with substantial outbuildings on the 109 acres. There are three other cottages as well. The lawns and elaborate gardens, the hard tennis court, and the kitchen garden and orchard, make up one of the most complete and delightful properties in Sussex, and from its pleasant elevation the view across the Downs extends even as far as Chantonsbury Ring. Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, invite offers of purchase, pending arrangements for an early auction.

Lord Methuen's small Georgian house, The Grove, Corsham, is to be let unfurnished with 7 acres, through the agency of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. Built in 1737, with a Regency addition, it retains all its original panelling and Bath-stone fireplaces characteristic of this part of Wiltshire, and is referred to in Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd's "History of the English House." The house, which has four reception and ten bedrooms, is very convenient to run. It is well supplied with bathrooms, and the domestic arrangements were recently thoroughly modernised.

ARBITER.



THE GROVE, CORSHAM

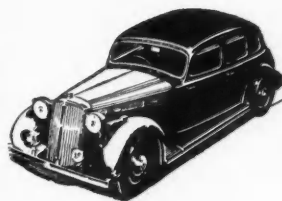
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'MODE' is a book full of beautiful photographs and drawings of all the lovely new clothes. There is a special section for "War Weddings"; pages for the home dressmaker; clothes for children; and pictures of beautiful garden furniture made of English Elm. A copy will be sent free on request. From Land's End to John o' Groats—wherever there is a postman or a pillarbox—you can shop with Jenners almost as easily as if you were in Edinburgh. When you see a pillarbox think of Jenners.

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Under normal conditions many of you would now be considering the purchase of a new Rover. For the time being the claims of H.M.'s Government on the resources of the Rover factories compel you to wait. But, if you will take advantage of the Rover service facilities which are being fully maintained throughout the country, your present Rover will remain a valuable asset until a normal supply of new models is again available.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

FARMING NOTES

THE PIG'S PART—TOP-DRESSING—AN ENGINEERING COURSE—BOYS ON THE LAND—MIDGET TRACTORS

AT the local collecting centre last week I was struck by the large numbers of sows which farmers are offering to the Ministry of Food. There were over thirty in the pens, which is far above the usual number. This must have been happening all over the country, as the Ministry has now said that it cannot take any more fat sows and boars for another fortnight at least, and for the present pork goes unrationed. When farmers get rid of their breeding stock there must be something far wrong with the pig industry. It is not only a matter of prices, but a general uncertainty about supplies of barley meal and a general lack of confidence in the future of pig-breeding and feeding. Yet the pigs which are produced for the market are likely to be wanted. Poor Denmark is now in the clutches of Nazism, and we shall not be getting much bacon from that part of the world.

What are the best lines of pig management in war-time? Many farmers are loth to get rid of their pigs, especially if they

is one of the best substitute foods for livestock of all kinds as well as human beings. Anyone who has an odd corner of fertile ground which can be thoroughly worked this month could do worse than put in potatoes. An increased total crop is wanted, and a few tons of potatoes on the farm can always be used to advantage if they are not wanted for human consumption.

No excuse is needed for another word about the top-dressing of corn. From one to one and a half hundredweight of nitrogenous fertiliser applied to the wheat and oats now will prove one of the best investments a farmer can make. April dressings are better than early spring dressings for increasing the yield of grain, and now is the time to get busy. There is no lack of sulphate of ammonia and I know that nitrate of soda and "Nitro-Chalk," can be got too. The trouble may be in getting delivery. The railways have been congested with coal, and, although fertilisers are on the priority list, there have been delays in getting delivery. Even if the fertiliser cannot be put on to the land until the first week in May it will prove well worth while in this late season.

The present-day farmer has to know a good deal about machinery. If he does not, he pays for his ignorance. A course in agricultural engineering ought to be part of every young farmer's education. Most of the agricultural colleges and institutes do now provide this essential instruction, but it is always an advantage to know a little more. To those who realise the limits of their knowledge and want to be better equipped technically I can recommend a course at the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering. The course, which lasts a fortnight, comprises lectures, practical work in the workshop, and tractor work on the Fordson Estate farms. The cost of the course, including board and residence, is £12; but those who like to can camp in the Institute grounds and get their meals at the canteen. The Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering is at Boreham, near Chelmsford, Essex.

Any boys who have left school and who want to work on farms for a year or so before they are called up may like to know about the three months' course of instruction which is being provided at the Chadacre Institute, near Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk. Lord Iveagh has been so impressed by the need for getting boys of seventeen-eighteen out on to the land that he has made special provision for a training course at nominal fees. A farm is attached to the Institute, and from what I remember of a visit ten years ago Chadacre is thoroughly well run and I am sure that no boy who goes there will regret his time at Chadacre.

It is good news that several of the public schools are arranging agricultural camps for their boys in the summer holidays. The idea is that the boys will go under canvas for a fortnight or longer and help local farmers with their harvest. A master will be in charge of each camp, and the arrangements for sending out the boys to farms will be made through the county war agricultural executive committees. An agricultural camp will be better fun than an O.T.C. camp, and the response should be good.

Farmers will need all the extra hands they can get this summer especially to deal with the bigger acreages of roots and potatoes which are being grown. It is a sound insurance to put in as much of these crops as we can this season. They give by far the biggest weight of food per acre and will contribute largely to economising on cake and purchased meals next winter. It is the need for greater self-sufficiency in feeding-stuffs which forced the pace in the ploughing campaign this spring and drives us back to the cropping ways of our fathers.

Just as the major operations in arable farming have been mechanised and a large-scale tractor eats up the work on the arable land, so nowadays we see midget tractors doing good work in market gardens and even private gardens and allotments. I have been hearing about the virtues of a little tractor, the B-M-B, which is made in three sizes, 1 h.p., 3 h.p. and 5 h.p. In the accompanying photograph the middle size is seen at work hoeing, and I have no doubt that this "Cult-Mate" would tackle many farm jobs on a small scale and all market-garden jobs on a large scale. There is also the 5 h.p. "Plow-Mate," which is designed for commercial growers and small farmers. This little tractor has to its credit 2 acres of ploughing a day, 8-10 acres with the harrows, and 10 acres with a cultivator, which all sounds most promising.

CINCINNATUS.



HOEING WITH THE 3 H.P. "CULT-MATE"

Note the high clearance, and the tool control lever held in the operator's right hand

have built up a useful breeding strain, and they are groping round for the most economical way of running their pigs. If the pigs can be made part of a mixed farming system so much the better. One of the best preparations for a good crop of wheat is the pigfold. I had not fully realised the beneficent activities of the pig on thin land until I saw the other day the crop of wheat which is growing on ground ploughed immediately after the pigfold. The sows and litters had been run closely on the ground, each sow having a hut and pen. Moving across the field in regular formation, the pigs gave the field an excellent dressing of manure and trod the ground into the bargain. Run in this way the pig does as much good as the "golden hoof" which is credited to the arable sheep. Moving the pens on to fresh ground every other day, which is what this farmer does, must take labour. He assured me that with a steady cob it was not a big business.

Another way of running pigs which has become popular is tethering. Each sow has her hut and ranges round the circle of her tether for a week or so, until it is time to move her on. There is less labour in this system, but the ground is not so evenly manured. Either method fits in well with the increased cropping programme we are now tackling. Running on old grassland which is to be ploughed next autumn, or on seeds ley which is due to come up, the pigs will find a good part of their keep while the grass is growing in the summer and leave a legacy as good as a coat of dung from the yards.

The day has passed when we could afford to make manure in the yards in order to cart out the fertility to the arable fields. I know it is still done in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, but it does not appeal to me if pigs, or indeed sheep or poultry, folded on the ground will do the job better and more cheaply. Healthy store pigs, especially those bred out of doors, are always saleable, and if many more sows are slaughtered the demand will be keen. More people are keeping pigs in ones and twos at the bottom of the garden, and there is more swill becoming available from Army camps and aerodromes. For fattening pigs on the farm it is a standby to have an ample supply of potatoes. Indeed, the potato

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Dress with
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or **NITRATE OF SODA**
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FOR WHEAT

1½ cwt. per acre
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straw crop.

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land in high condition)
1 cwt. per acre.

YOU HAVE PLOUGHED THE FIELDS...
NOW INCREASE THEIR YIELDS!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

THATCHING BY NEW METHODS

Unless more thatchers are trained now, there will be delay in getting the great number of ricks covered when harvest comes. Some counties have already foreseen this and made the necessary arrangements.

- 1.—AT WORK WITH A THATCHING NEEDLE ON A NEW RICK
- 2.—THE NOTCHED SPEAR IS PUSHED INTO THE RICK TO WITHDRAW THE TWINE
- 3.—THE SPEAR IS WITHDRAWN TO FULL EXTENT AND A LOOP OF TWINE IS FOUND ON THE NOTCH
- 4.—LOOP OF TWINE BROUGHT OUT BY SPEAR. THE THATCHING NEEDLE IS NOW REMOVED



THE thatcher, whose trade has been plied before that of the blacksmith and the fast-disappearing wheelwright, is, for the townsman, almost a legendary figure among country craftsmen. But this highly skilled craft is by no means a dying trade, and when the hayfields are cut and stacked the thatcher is called into service on farms all over England. Watch him as he kneels across from his ladder laid on the sloping surface of the rick and knocks in hazel "spars" to fix the twine that holds each bundle of straw to its neighbour; it would seem impossible to simplify this process or to invent one more speedy and effective. Yet thatching has yielded to new methods, and the recently invented thatching needle is a sensible improvement on traditional ways of fixing, though to the older generation of countrymen this implement must indeed seem revolutionary.

In effect the thatching needle sews the bundles of straw into the rick at the points of attachment where the hazel "spars" would have been driven in. And, while watching a skilled man at work on a new rick, the observer is astonished that this tool in the true tradition of all farm implements—that is, simple effectiveness for the job in hand—had not been thought of long ago by some village blacksmith.

A thatcher at work with his needle is a revelation in the economy of the process. His tool, some two feet in length, is a long-handled sickle-shaped bar of half-inch square wrought iron tapered to a fine point, below which, about two inches from the tip, are slots for carrying into the rick a section of the loose twine as it is unrolled from spools hooked to the ladder. Running in a sheath along the underside of the square handle is a long spear of the same sized metal with a deep notch near the drawn-out point. This spear is withdrawn to the base of the sickle curve of the needle before the stitch is begun. When the twine has been passed into the rick by a forward and upward thrust of this curve of the needle, the spear is pushed in and passes the curve exactly where the slots are carrying the twine. The undersurface of the spear rides over the twine, and when withdrawn the notch carries it out of the rick in the form of a loop, so that the half-made stitch may be completed on the surface of the stack.

The thatcher carries up his bundles of straw on to the rick and spreads and lays them alongside each other as he would do if "spars" were to be used, only in their place, and at wider intervals as he travels along, he thrusts in the curved, sickle end of his needle with the twine laid in the slots. The handle lies up the surface of the rick with the spear withdrawn. Now he pulls the handle towards him through some 160 degrees and shoots the spear-point into the rick and draws it out again. The twine is drawn out by the notch and the loop unhooked from the spear. The needle is drawn from the rick and laid aside. Now the twine has been sewn round the hay and the loop is pulled to tighten the twine from the right already stretched over the thatch from the last stitch. A small, doubled wisp of straw is thrust into the loop, and the loose twine running from the spool on the ladder is pulled until the loop has drawn the wisp level with the thatch. Then the loose twine is pushed under the length from the last stitch and the loop so made placed over the end of the wisp. Once more the loose twine is pulled tight and the stitch is secure. These stitches are repeated in lines in the manner of "spar" fixing until the whole thatch has been sewn down. It would be impossible to obtain such a neat finish as this, together with complete security against the weather, without the thatching needle. There are no holes for the rain to follow, and a man can pull all his weight against the strings without the stitches giving way.

With this economy of means there is no loss of picturesqueness in this country trade. The thatcher is still the countryman wearing knee-pads to spread his weight as he kneels on the thatch. To all outward appearances the job may seem the same as last year's neighbouring rick thatched and fixed with "spars" in the traditional manner. But half of it torn away by a winter storm, allowing the rain to blacken the hay, will not be seen on this year's job. It is a firm and lasting thatch which faces the weather, and time has been saved, for the thatcher has more than one job on the farm in these days of shorthandedness on the land.

ROBERT R. PAYNE.

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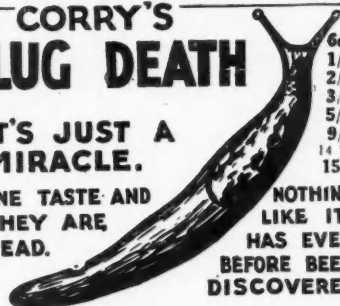
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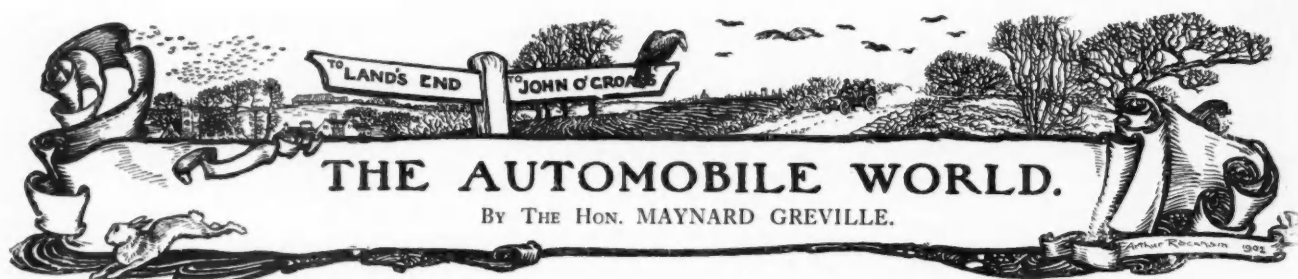
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THREE HUNDRED MILES A MONTH

SOME time before the war a new type of motor cycle—or perhaps cycle with motor—made its appearance, and had a very good reception. In those days of unlimited petrol and comparatively cheap motoring, however, it only appealed to a limited class of the community. To-day, of course, matters are different, and “Wilfreds,” as they have been dubbed, are making their appearance in increasing numbers throughout the land.

These little machines are ideally suited to the times, as, in addition to being cheap to run and to buy, they are allowed a petrol ration equivalent to that of the smaller motor cycles. Two whole units a month when the petrol consumption is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 150 miles to the gallon is not to be sneezed at in these times, and will get the owner a lot farther than the official ration on a car, and very much more cheaply.

These little machines are really motor-assisted bicycles, made, however, in a thoroughly sturdy manner, while the small modern internal combustion engine has so increased in efficiency that it weighs very little, takes up very little room, and is absolutely reliable.

A large number of manufacturers are now turning out these little machines, most of which are powered by two-stroke Villiers engines of 98 c.c. capacity. They now cost from £21 to £25, as some of them are really luxuriously equipped, and in all cases great care has been taken to make it difficult for any oil or dirt from the engine to get on to the rider's clothes. For taxation purposes they are lightly used, as a mere 17s. 6d. per annum is all that is required, while insurance is cheap also. Third-party insurance need cost no more than 15s. for one person only to be at the handle-bars. These machines are so easy to ride and so safe, however, that it is well worth paying a little bit more, so that any member of the family can use it, and this will only cost 7s. 6d. extra. In this case, anyone in the household over sixteen is covered to ride, as the low age limit for these machines is only sixteen years.

The motor-assisted bicycle is, of course, no new thing. In the past the efforts to introduce such machines have been anything but successful, but the combination of the present conditions and the great improvements that have been made in the engines during the past few years make me believe that they are really in for a long run of prosperity. The strongest thing in favour of these little machines is their fuel economy, and in this respect they are not only of individual use, but also a national asset, as their use in large quantities would leave more unused petrol for the real business of war.

In the country they are invaluable, as it is possible to undertake all those little errands which had to be dropped when the car was the only thing to use, while for older members of the community they cut out the hard pedalling. These machines will climb all ordinary hills absolutely without pedal assistance at some 20 m.p.h. and will get along the level at about thirty, while they are childishly easy to handle.

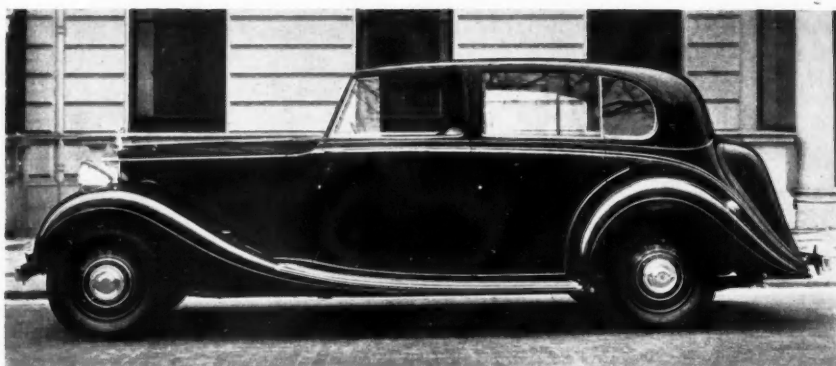
The little engines are very reliable, and all that is required in the way of maintenance is decarbonising about once a year and an occasional spot of oil.

For those who have not got licences it is, of course, necessary to take out a provisional licence and have “L” plates on until the test is passed. Anyone who can ride a bicycle should, however, be able to master one of these machines in half an hour, and passing the test is very simple. While using the machine with a provisional licence one can, of course, go out alone, as a novice does not have to be accompanied by an experienced driver in the case of a motor cycle.

The chief use of this flour, which is milled from maize, is in foundry work. It is mixed with the sand used in making the intricate “cores” into which the molten metal is poured, and its purpose is to give the sand sufficient “bond” until the core is baked.

In spite of difficulties resulting from the war, the Ford Motor Company, Limited, has added three new titles to its interesting series of Ford films.

One reason for this decision is that during the past winter the Ford film library has been in record demand, among clubs, societies and schools, while many film shows have been arranged for the Forces.



A BARCLAY DESIGNED SPORTS LIMOUSINE BUILT BY H. J. MULLINER, LTD., MOUNTED ON THE LATEST ROLLS-ROYCE “WRAITH” CHASSIS. This car has recently been supplied by Jack Barclay, Ltd., to Major J. S. Dodd, M.P.

These machines have no gears to worry about, while the electrical equipment is absolutely self-contained and is housed in the engine flywheel. Old-established motor-cycle firms with names that are familiar to most are making the machines. There are, for instance, James, Rudge, Francis-Barnett, Coventry Eagle, Sun, New Hudson, and Excelsior. In addition there are the H.E.C., the Raynal, the Norman, and the Cyc-Auto.

MOTOR TRADE'S WAR-TIME PROBLEMS

THE first meeting of the joint committee of manufacturers and retailers set up by Mr. William E. Rootes, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Limited, has been held. This committee has been set up for further investigating the problems facing the retail section of the motor industry under war conditions, and this first meeting was held with commendable promptitude, while it was decided to hold the next on May 7th.

FLOUR USED IN MAKING CARS

ONE of the surprising facts revealed in an analysis of materials used in the production of Ford cars at Ford Works, Dagenham, is that five hundred tons of flour are consumed in a normal year. This quantity is equivalent to well over 11,000 half-quartern loaves of bread each week.

Among the latest films is “Ford Marches On,” which shows in graphic fashion how the science of manufacturing has developed from the earliest times to the present day.

CONCESSION TO FARMERS

A TAXATION concession which will prove of considerable advantage to many farmers has been made by the Treasury. It is now permissible for farmers to use tractors licensed at the nominal 5s. rate of duty for hauling their own farm produce and materials for the cultivation of the land to and from the nearest railway station.

Previously the 5s. covered the use of the tractor on public roads only for hauling farming implements or threshing appliances, and for a limited number of similar purposes, although farmers using a tractor for the haulage of produce or goods strictly in connection with their own land could do so at the privileged rate of £12 per annum. It should be noted that farmers, when taking advantage of this concession, must not carry goods for others, even neighbouring farmers.

ALVIS PRICE INCREASES

THE increasing cost of raw materials and of labour has made it necessary for the Alvis Company to increase their prices slightly from April 2nd. This only applies to one model at the moment, the 12-70 h.p., the chassis now being £325 and the tourer £445, while the saloon is £455 and the drop coupé £465.

CHOOSE A SUNBEAM AND BE PROUD OF IT!



"WHEN the war started I realised that motoring might become impossible, so I bought a SUNBEAM bicycle for emergencies.

Now I find that although I can still use my car for essential purposes I have developed the habit of using my SUNBEAM for all short journeys. I had forgotten how pleasant, convenient and healthy cycling can be, but then I had never previously ridden a bicycle which ran so easily and smoothly as my SUNBEAM with its 'Little Oil-bath' gear-case which keeps the mechanism in perfect condition without tinkering or adjustment.

Now I am buying a lady's SUNBEAM for general use by the family, so that we can eke out our petrol rations still more and yet be independent of public transport which is often inconvenient and uncomfortable.

I chose a SUNBEAM because of its 50 years' reputation as the best bicycle which money can buy, and my experience already proves that the little extra which a SUNBEAM costs is more than justified by the service which it gives."

*** Sunbeam Bicycles are not sold by every Bicycle Dealer, for Sunbeam Dealers are carefully selected to ensure that every present or prospective Sunbeam owner shall have at his service, in his own locality, the impartial advice and experienced skill of a real cycle expert. In all matters concerning your bicycle, take the advice of your local Sunbeam Dealer. If you don't know his address post the coupon to-day.

*That advice
has saved
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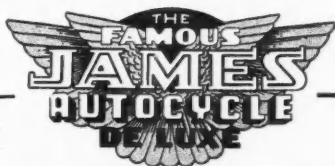
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FASHION FAIR

NEWS OF NOVELTIES

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

BEING in an amateur way a gardener, I laughed a little ruefully the other day when I came across this quotation from an American author:

I have one faith sublime and true
That nothing can shake or slay,
Each spring I firmly believe anew
All the seed catalogues say.

Probably all they say of the seeds is true for good, expert gardeners, but, in spite of my springtime accession of faith, it is very seldom true for me. What a comfort, thought I to myself, that the lovely spring catalogues from the shops that sell us our coats and dresses and all the other things, can be believed in with no doubts. The things we buy through them will be just what they are described as being, for we shall have only to buy and wear them, not cultivate them as well and make a failure of it.

The very comprehensive and useful new catalogue of Jenners, Edinburgh, was particularly in my mind. It seems to cover everything one can need, and has a very clever section called "War Wedding" showing the *trousseau* a bride could select in one day at this great shop, which is really more like a whole street of shops under one roof. I was particularly taken with some very smart pin-pointed lisle stockings, and suitably encouraged in dwelling on their charms by the reflection that, though few things could be more unlikely than that I should be visiting Edinburgh this spring, Jenners' post order department practically brings their shop to my London front door. The sketches of clothes for children are delightful.

Another good catalogue comes from Liberty (Regent Street), and here I find myself very covetous of a new cape called the "Carrick," in hand-made tweed, or plain materials, or Angora faced with a contrasting colour. It is a graceful, fascinating garment, designed to have all the charm of the cape and none of the tiresomeness of flapping corners and a cold chest which so often spoil one's enjoyment of looking nice in one. Another covetable novelty was a swagger coat that can be converted in a moment to a wrap-over. The frocks in patterned fabrics, printed or embroidered, were most attractive too.

Hats and shoes were to me the strong appeal of Messrs. Goringe's catalogue, issued from Buckingham Palace Road. Two or three hats in new variations of the sailor shape which everyone is wearing, at very moderate prices, caught my eye at once. The shoes illustrated were, of course, very attractive and without the exaggerations which are smart at the moment but to some people positively anathema. Woollen dresses were very desirable too, and so were the dressing-gowns.

The illustration shows another novelty, a tailored lace coat



Peter Clark

AN evening coat and skirt tailored in Parma violet lace, from Isobel, Grosvenor Street

and skirt for restaurant wear or semi-formal evening occasions, from Isobel of Grosvenor Street. It is in the softest shade of Parma violet and has its own little hat of violet blossoms to accompany it. For a young and slim mother-of-the-bride it could even come out into the daylight very successfully.

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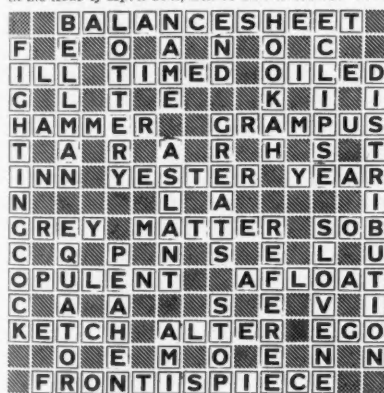
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SOLUTION to No. 533

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared
in the issue of April 13th, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

1. In the feathered world, if 31 wrote the letters, this should be the bird to deliver them (two words, 7, 6)
10. Poet's set-back? (7)
11. Such behaviour as could turn to rob a V.A.D. (7)
12. Found in buildings perhaps ecclesiastical (4)
- 13 and 14. Literal description of the synonym given for the next (two words, 5, 4)
17. Ill-founded (7)
18. A tool and what uses it first (7)
19. It takes up most of the tea table (7)
22. Camembert, perhaps, or in England the source of its deterioration (7)
- 24 and 25. Evidence of wet weather in two senses (9)
26. Composer (4)
29. Corrupt (7)
30. It holds the walls together (7)
31. See 1 across (two words, 9, 4).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 534

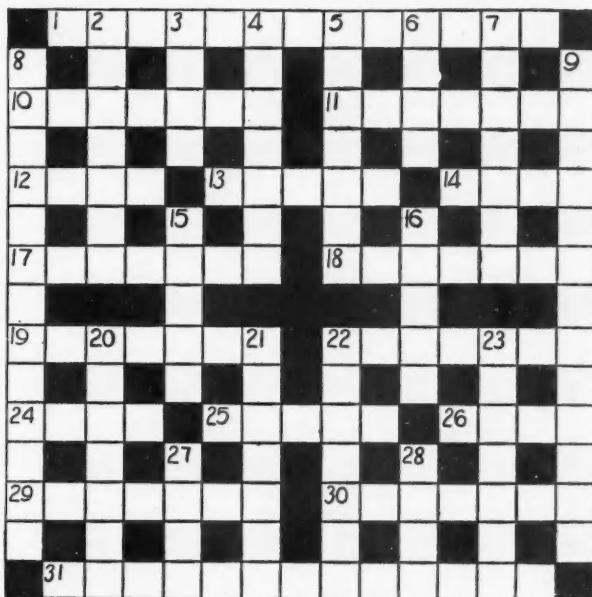
A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 534, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, April 25th, 1940.**

The winner of
Crossword No. 532 is
Commander J. Elliott,
R.N.R.,
H.M.S. King Orry,
c/o G.P.O. London.

DOWN.

2. "Is saved" (anagr.) (7)
3. Not the ordinary Ben (4)
4. A mere lad may turn green (7)
5. "I'll —, right or wrong. Fools are my theme, let satire be my song." —Byron (7)
6. Five points in 15 (4)
7. "The — are dumb; No voice or hideous hum Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiv- ing." —Milton (7)
8. The Sutton Hoo horde, for instance (two words, 8, 5)
9. The house agent's refrain? (three words, 4, 5, 4)
- 15 and 16. Association with its members is not the game (two words, 5, 5)
20. Let this become a weed (7)
21. What winged words may be brooded in, when sincere? (7)
22. It is launched in error (7)
23. Can he become a true M.A. without losing his status? (7)
27. Couple (4)
28. Sherbet set out (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 534



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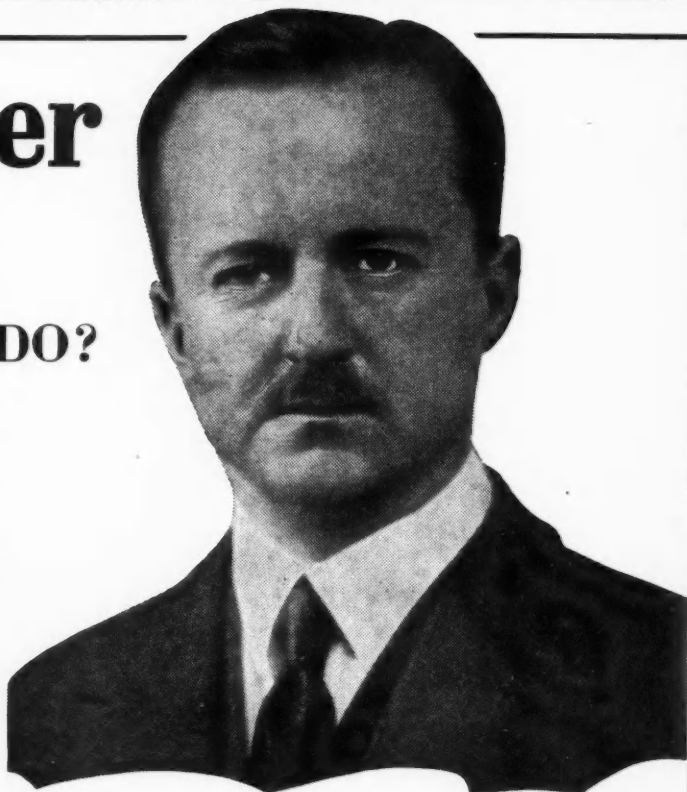
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